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REMORSE, REMORSE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

In vain, in vain thou fliest cured,
O gentle, pitying, blue-eyed Grief,
With sage, troubling, hopeful wing—
A messenger of love!

II.

In vain! In vain!—the vulture here,
Remorse's vulture, will not flee!
From his predestined, quivering prey—
This overlooking heart.

III.

The judgment 's spoke—the doom is sealed—
The beak shall ever stab the core;
From reeking cloud a slow, deep voice
Cries "*Ever, evermore!*"

IV.

The fire-swart faculties roll answer back;
The seeking demon laugh reply;
And shadowy shade—with bloodless lips
That taunt, wail slowly by.

V.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
O linger not, thou pitying love!—
In mercy, ps! the beak but stabs
The corpse for thy love!

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

Eudy was the last one to leave the room, and she turned the key in the lock, and this time put it in her pocket, while she regarded Adrienne in silent amazement. M. Lecour witnessed the action, and Eudy said:

"Restore the key to its usual place, Jacktaw. In future I will be useful to this wilful girl, as she will release you from much of your astonishment on our helpless guard."

"I shut above attending' to my own business," said Eudy, stolidly, "as I did prefer to put in such service on my young misfit."

"The musical service you must still perform, of course; but Adrienne will necessarily become the companion of many of the unusual hours of the poor recluse. It is well for him, perhaps, that she cares bitter, but not so well for herself, for she will find it but a weary burden to find amusement for a poor imbecile like Prince Louis."

"If I can brighten his life, I am willing to undertake it," replied Adrienne, with an expression of sincerity which brought a satirical smile to the lips of M. Lecour. He paused in the lower hall, and laid aside his crimson robe and his wand of office.

Eudy took charge of them, and turning to Adrienne, he sternly said:

"Come with me and hear the history your indiscretion has compelled me to confide to you."

Adrienne followed him with alacrity, for she was yet in a state of amazement at the extraordinary nature of the sentiment of this house. She was yet incredulous of the fact that the Prince who was believed dead in his own country, whose demise was there officially recorded, whose monument had been erected, yet lived in exile, his existence double—his identity disputed.

M. Lecour closed the door behind them, pointed to a seat, and threw himself into a large armchair. After a few moments of moody thought, he seemed himself and said:

"I have been meditating on the possibility of entrusting to you the sad secret of this house. Mademoiselle, and therefore your rash act escapes the angel's would otherwise have sealed. Since it was your will to come hither, I had already concluded to make you useful in relieving me of the burdensome task of reading such books to the Prince as are suited to his capacity. He has a passion for tales of fiction, but he is incapable of reading them intelligently. He is accustomed to hear the entire brightness of the sun saw yourself. You are young enough to amuse him by joining in the childish plays he is fond of, and therefore I forgive you for your intrusion to-day. His presence beneath this roof would not long have been kept a secret from you at any rate."

"And is this really and truly the son of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette? How, then, has all France been deceived into the belief that he perished from the effects of the ill-treatment he received?"

"That was managed early enough. A boy suffering from the same disease, whom Eudy had at most ran its course, was sought for and found in one of the public hospitals. While he was in the place of Louis of France, the young prince was removed to Marseilles, and placed on board a vessel bound for New Orleans. While his substitute breathed his last, Louis was conveyed from his native land forever."

"And why was this done?"

"To remove an imbecile from the path of his uncle, who will yet rule France as Louis XVIII."

"And you—what led you to undertake this charge, *mon père?*"

A scornful smile wreathed his lip, as he replied:

"It will doubtless shock you to hear that money was the inducement. A large bribe and a munificent annuity were my rewards for the service. A powerful relative whisked the poor child off to that realm which he was manifestly unfit to govern. After all this suffering, he benefitted to remove him by the aid of a good chemist; Louis might live out his miserable span of existence if he was taken from his path. He pledged himself to provide him with such means of enjoyment as he was capable of appreciating, so long as he was kept in strict seclusion, and his existence entirely unsuspected by his countrymen."

"And how was it that you were the agent selected to carry out their plan?"

"I am quite willing to tell you why *I* assumed this charge; but it involves a portion of my previous history. I was one of the number of royal democrats who called for the blood of the Austrian woman and her facile husband. The commerce! he was only unfitted by nature for the position to which he had been born, and was never intended him for a maker of locks, and not a violator of laws; he, poor dullard! was merely a tool in the hands of others, with no will of his own to persist in my course, whether for good or for evil. I was once the friend of Danton—he possessed his confidence, and but for my connection the massacres of September had never dislaged the streets of Paris with blood. You—I glory in the remembrance of those days—the cursed aristocrats fell beneath the knife of the guillotine—beneath the blade of the sabre, and their lith-blood watered the pavements over which they had flaunted in their haughty disdain of the working million. It was just! It was just, and I do not regret my part in the grand tragedy."

His scene, there his arms aloft, and waked to and fro in an excited manner. Chilled, appalled by this revelation, Adrienne sat cold and pale, her eyes following his movements with such fascination as the reptile exercises over the bird he intends to make his prey.

M. Lecour caught the expression of her face, and rightly interpreted it. He laughed aloud, as he stopped suddenly in front of her, and said:

"You are shocked—you are amazed; you feel very much like the child in the fairy tale when she found herself in the den of the ogre. You can pour ogre. I read it in your scared face, and I warn you that I can be worse than one, at my whole cavelier can prove. Cherish a wholesome fear of me, Mademoiselle, for it will be your best safeguard."

Her white lips unclosed, and she said:

"No, *mon père*, I am not *afraid* of you, for I do not believe that you would vilify harm me; but I am terrified at this unlooked for revelation. I wish to love, to reverence you, and you seem to exult in your power to place yourself before me as the defier of all laws; as one who has trampled on the sacred right of every human being, to dwell on God's earth, till He himself sees fit to recall the life he has given."

M. Lecour regarded her with grim composure, but there was horrible sarcasm in the icy glance of his voice, as he replied:

"Might makes right, says the old adage, and I elect to believe in it; to act on it. I am a bad man, Mademoiselle, I know, but I am no hypocrite. I stand before you in my true colors. Listen to what further I have to reveal to you."

Adrienne bowed submissively, and he went on:

"I stirred up the masses against the King—I helped to give an example to Europe of the power that cried out for the blood of God's anointed. His head fell, but the vengeance of the people was still unsatisfied—the true curse of France lived in the Austrian woman, on whose head I charged all the evils of her vacillating husband's reign. I will be just enough to myself to say that I fully believed the vilest calumnies that were uttered against her, and I was frantic for the atonement of blood. I saw no justice in taking the life of our own king, if this foreigner, who had palmed him in the place of the rightful inheritance, was permitted to live. I knew it was resolved that the innocent child of Marie Therese's daughter should fall beneath the knife of the executioner, and I united my will she was brought to trial.

"He passed, and Adrienne fatally said:

"Go on, Monsieur; your story has a terrible interest for me."

A marked change passed over M. Lecour's face. The expression lost much of its fierceness, and his voice had quite changed its tone when he next spoke.

"On her trial, for the first time, was I brought face to face with the royal heroine, and I felt that a truly great soul inhabited that delicate woman's body. My feelings underwent a strange revulsion as I looked upon the queen's face. She had shrieved by anguish, and witnessed the simple dignity with which she repelled the insults heaped upon the daughter of the Cæsars. Oh! amid its darkest epochs, the world has witnessed no such scene as that. A crowned queen of the greatest nation on earth arraigned as a common criminal by a populace—filled, not with contempt, by a lawless mob who claimed to be her judges."

All the enormity of the crime we were about to perpetrate flashed suddenly upon me. It came as a revelation from another world, and I do not pretend to account for the sudden revulsion my feelings underwent. I felt that I must speak in her defence or die; I ventured to address those raging and whose passions I had helped to arouse, and I faltered something which meant that arrest men should die before employment than making war on a defenceless woman. Those few words came near costing me my life; the human tigers had feasted on blood too long to give up their victim, and a howl of rage was the reply I received. They would have thrown themselves upon me, and hurled me too to destruction if I had not at once reinvested my feeble effort at defence. I was compelled to show that I was eager for the destruction of the unfortunate woman before the tribunal. They demanded of me a speech setting forth her crimes against the dignity of the realm over which she had reigned, and I was base enough to obey the command. With reckless eloquence I summed up all the evil deeds of which she was accused, and asked death as their penalty. With applauding cries, and clapping of hands, the sentence was pronounced; I looked but once at that fallen majesty. She stood calm and composed; after all the horrors to which she had been subjected, the repose of the grave was stamped upon her. I saw it in the composed resignation of her face; I read it in the deep sadness of her eyes. Oh, then I could have knocked before her, and prayed for pardon for all my former guilt! But I had done her; but it was too late—*too late.* The evil was accomplished, and I was powerless to aid or save!"

He paused, and Adrienne earnestly said:

"Go on, *mon père*; you interest me deeply; you prove that humanity was not utterly dead within you. I know how the queen perished, but what of yourself in those frightful days?"

"A child (I do not regard him as a man) attempted to clear myself from the stain of blood. No—it cling to me forever—it blights my days, and renders night terrible to me. Its curse is your heritage, as it has been my punishment, for the evil I aided to accomplish."

Adrienne shivered and grew pale, but M. Lecour went on apparently regardless of her emotion:

"I asked to stand sentinel over Marie Antoinette's child, to guard the boy that was to spend on earth. I had sufficient interest to secure this favor, and I watched over it without ceasing throughout its dreary hours. I saw her pretended friends imbibe from the mean and wretched materials in her possession. Look! behold the Queen of France, in the cell whose very atmosphere was heavy with the sighs of those who had preceded her to the scaffold!"

He approached the picture which stood upon his easel, swept aside the curtain that hung over it, and revealed the face of the dead Queen. Tears rushed into Adrienne's eyes, as she beheld the noble face, and silver hair—the delicate hands engaged in repairing her shoes for the last exercise that would be required of her.

M. Lecour went on in a more subdued tone:

"Behold the approach her, and said to a guarded tone:

"Citizeness, I would have saved you to-day, but the mob was too strong for me. I spoke against you, but I did it unwillingly. I would atone for the wrongs I have done you by any service you may claim, which it is possible for me to render."

"She looked up with an expression of surprise, and steadily regarded me a few moments. I do not know what she read in my face, but she replied coldly:

"I have now but one earthly care—my children—they will be barbarously treated, perhaps destroyed. If you can do so, save the heir of France; take my forgiveness for any evil you have done to me, if you will befriend my helpless darlings."

"I swear to do so to the best of my ability.' I replied, and then I solemnly repeated that pledge. It was long—long before I had the power to do so. Danton, my patron, fell, and I was involved in his ruin. I was forced to live in concealment, and in my turn, I endured all the horrors of the fugitive whose life is hunted by the remorseless blood-hounds of a sanguinary mob.

"The reign of Terror slowly passed away; a new era dawned upon the country whose soil was deluged by the blood shed in the name of liberty. I came forth from my hiding place, and sought the means of fulfilling my promise to the hapless Marie Antoinette. Her son was removed from the power of the vile chemaker, who had wrecked both mind and body by the unparalleled ill-treatment he had inflicted upon the unfortunate child. I found him under the care of respectable people who endeavored to restore him to health and happiness. I sought the post of attendant upon him, and as I had some knowledge of medicine, the physician who watched on him, employed me to carry out his system of treatment more intelligently than an ordinary nurse could have done.

"The health of Louis slowly improved, but his dulled intellect never brightened. He could be taught to repeat a form of words, but they conveyed no ideas to his vacant mind. I soon saw that the mischief was irremediable. A sprightly intelligent child had been slowly tortured into hebetude, and there was no balm in Gilead for his restoration.

"This conviction had scarcely fixed itself upon my mind, when an agent from the Comptie d'Artois sought me and proposed to me to remove the unfortunate boy from his path, when I was seized upon to him to accept his brother's throne. I knew that if I refused, less scrupulous means might be found for getting rid of the unhappy child, and I believed this was the only means of fulfilling my promise to his mother. I do not wish to appear better than I am, and I will also admit that my own interests were also well secured to permit me to hesitate long on the course it was expedient for me to pursue. In a private hospital, a lad of Louis' age and complexion had already been found, who could be substituted as the heir of France. I could easily evade suspicion by leaving the country with my young charge in a vessel chartered for that purpose by my employer.

"I was broken in fortune, and callous in mind. My country, after passing through a convulsion which shook the world to its base, was settling back under the rule of the very class from which such frantic struggles had been made to release her; and all the blood shed had been vain to establish the equal rights of men. I had despaired of France as a free country, and I began to regard the accession of my master as the great end of existence. I accepted the terms offered to me, and prepared to remove the prince who in time would was ready to aid.

"My chemical knowledge enabled me to produce the appearance of death. I left the palace of the frame of Louis; I sat up with him that night, and during the silence and darkness, the dying boy was brought from the hospital, while the dead one was sent away in a state of lethargy produced by the stupefying potion I had administered to him. The resemblance between the two was quite sufficient for our purpose, and when the physician came to pay his morning visit, he merely glanced at the skeleton frame whose death he was called on to report officially. The decease of the lad did not surprise him, for he had looked for it for several days, and the evasion was so adroitly managed, that I believe he had no suspicion of the true facts of the case. An annuity was secured to me during the life of the young Prince, besides a considerable sum of money for immediate use, and I considered my promise to his mother to be faithfully kept by the part I played in this transaction. I felt the assurance in my own mind, that less scrupulous means would be resorted to, if the unhappy lad was left in the power of those to whom his removal was of such vital importance. I knew his nullness for the position to which his birth entitled him, and I saved him from perishing by poison, if he were left in the power of those who might be tempted to use it in some new political crisis.

"But that crisis has never arisen," said Adrienne.

"Not yet—but it will come: The soldier of fortune who now rules France will meet his downfall some of these days, and the legitimate ruler will yet wield the sceptre held by his ancestors. I am certain that a reaction is taking place even now, for a priest to whom the exchange of lads was made known in the confessional, has now been sent to a spy upon me, and I believe that his object is to prove the existence of this unhappy boy. I warn you against betraying your knowledge of those facts, for if Father Eustace discovers the presence of the Prince beneath my roof, it will cause evil to many."

Adrienne started, and listened with even deeper interest than before. She endeavored to conceal her emotion by asking:

"Why have you thought it necessary to surround the unfortunate youth with the outward semblance of royal state? To imbue his mind with the idea that he is really a king?"

"Ah! that is the revenge my cynical pride indulged me to take upon royalty degraded in his poor imbecile person. I am a republican still—a rabid one if you will, and it amuses me to make this wretched creature, dethroned of reason as well as of power, play the part of the *roi fainéant.* It can do no harm to any one, and what was a debt, pain, has now become a habit and a necessity to the poor imbecile. If he were deprived of the empty state in which he lives, Louis would pine away and die. I should lose my occupation, and the power I possess over certain persons in Europe, to whom the reappearance of the poor boy on the political scene would be fatal. It is even said that a project has been formed to proclaim Louis king over Bonaparte as military dictator. The little Corsican called better than he, and he will soon prove by seizing imperial power. I am far away from France, but am kept well informed of what is passing there; and I see dispassionately judge of the march of events. I am talking to you, child, as if you can comprehend all these affairs—I—brave me—I have talked too much already! Take your new task upon yourself to-day, and be wary of the priest, if he should attempt to question you upon Louis."

He imperatively motioned to her to leave him, and Adrienne arose to obey. She looked:

"How am I to comply with the prince's wish in relation to my dress, *mon père?* I have only two robes, and both are black."

"Wear them, then," he replied. There are loads of finery in the house, that once belonged to Madame Lecour. She was most extravagant in her toilette, and her figure was not unlike yours. Tell Eudy to open some of her boxes, and deck yourself according to your fancy. I care nothing for the wardrobe which has so long lain useless, and you can take unlimited possession."

With many thanks, Adrienne turned to leave him, but M. Lecour suddenly barred her egress from the door, and sternly asked:

"Do you comprehend the vital importance of the secret imparted to you, Adrienne? Will you defend it even at the risk of your own life?"

"Even at that will I guard the secret, and my future salvation depends upon your faithlessness to the trust reposed by you, will you to me in?"

This question placed Adrienne in a cruel dilemma, but the natural uprightness of her character showed her clearly that to this old man she owed her first allegiance, even if the other was her father; for M. Lecour had given her shelter beneath his roof, and surrounded her with comforts. She had not forgotten the delicate consideration which had prompted him to secure her from the door, and sternly asked:

"Do you comprehend the vital importance of the secret imparted to you, Adrienne? Will you defend it even at the risk of your own life? Are—even if that self-sacrifice should be your future salvation depends upon your faithlessness to the trust reposed by you, will you to me in?"

This question placed Adrienne in a cruel dilemma, but the natural uprightness of her character showed her clearly that to this old man she owed her first allegiance, even if the other was her father; for M. Lecour had given her shelter beneath his roof, and surrounded her with comforts. She had not forgotten the delicate consideration which had prompted him to secure her from the door, and sternly asked:

"I fully comprehend the weight of the trust reposed in me, and I promise fidelity even unto death."

M. Lecour regarded her face with a look of satisfaction, and said in a softer tone:

"I believe you, child. I believe you are of the better class of women, and I rely on Eudy's report on your part."

"Blessed be you for that, *mon père.* I will surely prove myself worthy of your confidence."

Adrienne left the room, and M. Lecour regarded the portrait of Marie Antoinette with an expression of mixed fear and awe, as she muttered:

"Enlighten me, oh royal shadow, as to the course to be pursued in this crisis. Will it be best to keep him here in his seclusion, or permit him to become the puppet of another's ambition? Speak! Speak! Say shall I remove him from existence to or warn. Why should I be silent now?"

He took his head in a listening attitude, and watched the sad face; but to-day it was motionless—the features of the lunatic no more died out in his veins, and the hallucination did not again return.

"Silent?" he exclaimed. "Then I may follow my own will; so be it, by France, my royal state! I accept the Cordova's offer, and swear vendetta against the Duke of Alva!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Adrienne went at once to the domains of the negress, and without preamble informed her of the permission given by M. Lecour to choose from the wardrobe of his late wife such attire as might suit her fancy. The old woman regarded her even with more intense amazement than she had manifested during the scene in the apartment of the prince. She called up her eyes till the whites were alone visible, and said:

"I clar to Moses, you mus' have de sarpint's

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

THE PICTURE UNVEILED.

power to fascerate folks, as de evil one fascerated de fustest woman, for you already twisses my ole marster roun' yer finger, an' makes him do whatever you pleases. Give you my misuses finery, mus' I? Well—I never 'spected to have sich a order from *him*, but I carnt do less den 'bey it. De close is lyin' in de drawers, gittin' yaller an' doin' nobody any good; so I s'pose you mougt as well wear 'em as not; but it's mighty cur'us, an' *I* don' pertend to understan' how you got roun' him myself. I only hopes you'll be 'lowed to wear 'em in peace."

"What do you mean? Who is to interfere with my wearing them, since my grandfather has given me permission to do so?"

Eady regarded her with a singular expression, as she said, in a suppressed tone:

"S'posen de ghose was to take it in her head to claim 'em, what den? You saw her put on de bridal dresses, an' why shant she choose to put on some o' de res'? Dey all b'longed to her onct."

"Ah! you admit the reality of that scene then?" said Adrienne, aroused to vivid interest. "Phantoms do not put on real garments, Eady, and that white-haired woman was no more a ghost than is the prince up stairs. You see I have penetrated the secret of his presence beneath this roof, and it will be to your best interest to take me into your confidence respecting the mysterious presence in my room last night."

Eady shook her head ominously:

"*Our* perlosofy don't teach us all de tings what goes on in Hebben, or on yeth; as I heard my ole marster read out'n a book onct; an' it sounded mighty gran'! It was from a play, whar a sure 'nuff ghose comes to tell his son dat his brother have murdered him. Ef a ghose comes to *dat* young man, why carnt a ghose come agin, I axes yer, young mistis? An' I tell you 'taint no use to come arter me to tell you nothin', caze I don' know nothin' to tell."

With these words Eady assumed an expression of dogged obstinacy, and Adrienne saw it would be useless to question her further. With the resolution to use her own eyes and senses to fathom the secret of the sable housekeeper, she silently followed her to her own chamber.

Eady produced the key of the armoire, and unlocked the door next to the window. A row of shelves was before Adrienne, filled with linen bags, each one of which was found to contain an elegant and expensive dress. They were made in the fashion of a past day, but that mattered little in the out-of-the-way place in which they were to be worn. The voluminous skirts, pointed waists, and sleeves tight to the elbow, with deep falls of fine lace, showed that many years had passed away since the mantua maker's art had fashioned them. But the materials were of the richest texture and most graceful designs, and Adrienne regarded them with the natural delight of a young and attractive girl, who is conscious that tasteful costume imparts a new charm to even the fairest form and face.

She selected one of the plainest among them for present use. It was a lilac brocade, with trimmings of black lace, relieved by knots of pink ribbon. Eady then unclosed a drawer in which fine laces, flimy handkerchiefs and gloves were laid away. The kid gloves were hard and spotted, rendered unfit for use by the dampness of the climate; but there were gloves of white and black lace, which fitted Adrienne's hands as if made for them, and from these she selected a pair of the latter.

Eady looked on with a dubious expression—a doubt evidently existed in her mind as to what might result from this appropriation. She muttered:

"I s'pose since you've got one part o' de fixin's, you mougt as well have t'other too;" and she next unlocked a drawer filled with slippers of every color, trimmed with large rosettes, and mounted on high, narrow heels. There was a pair to match each dress, and the most of them seemed as if they had scarcely been worn at all. Eady said:

"Now, ef you can wear de madame's shoes, young mistis, you'll 'stonish me, for she had de cunningest leetle feet in de worl'."

Adrienne sat down, and taking off her own shoe, drew on one of Madame Lecour's slippers as easily as if it had been made for her. She laughed as she held out her foot, and said:

"It is small enough for Cinderella, but you see it fits me perfectly. I half believe your mistress was my fairy godmother, Eady, and endowed me with a body to match her cast off finery, because she knew it would be my only chance to obtain a suitable wardrobe. If she comes back in ghostly form again to dispute possession with me, I believe I will really do battle with her for my finery."

"Hush-h h, chile; don' talk sich idle talk; it makes my flesh creep to hear you run on so. Ef she *do* come back, young mistis, it won't be to hurt *you*, I am sure, an' you won't say nothin' to *him*, even ef you do git badly scared."

She pointed impressively toward her master's room to give stronger emphasis to the pronoun, and Adrienne seriously replied:

"I shall not break the promise I gave you this morning, Eady; but I warn you that I shall be on the *qui vive* to make discoveries myself, and I pledge myself to nothing with regard to them. Since you will not confide to me the real secret of this White Terror, I shall make every effort to fathom it myself. Once mine, I shall make what use I please of my knowledge."

"La, chile, how can I 'splain to you what I don' onstan' myself? Ef de ghose comes, it comes, an' ole Eady aint got no infymation of its doin's. So you don' 'form marster's notions 'bout its comin' to *him*, I don't care. He's de only creetur I'm 'fraid of on dis blessed yeth."

"If it was really a spirit that walked about my room last night, M. Lecour would be powerless to injure it. Why, then, should you fear him in connexion with the phantom?"

"'Taint no use talkin', young mistis. Niggers is niggers, an' dey'll allers b'lieve in ghoses. But it's mighty strange dat white folks won't b'lieve, even when dey's seen 'em wi' dere own eyes. You's bin all over dis house now, an' I axes you whar could that white lady stay?"

To this question Adrienne had no reply, for she believed she had now explored every nook of the old mansion, and she had certainly beheld no evidences that the apartments in the forsaken portion were inhabited. She however said at random:

"If I had access to every part of the house whenever I chose to visit it, perhaps I might make some discoveries; but you keep the doors locked, and only exhibit the rooms when you are sure they are unoccupied."

"I only 'beys orders," replied Eady, demurely. "My marster don't 'low de 'partments to be opened, an' *he* wouldn't care ef de dus' an' de rats took perssession. I likes to keep de things in order, caze my mistis was mighty perticker, an' ef her ghose do come back, I don' want her to find dat ole Eady has forgot how to clean up things nice. Come, chile, ef you's gwine to put on dem fineries, let me help you to onct, caze I must go back to my cooking. 'Taint no trifle to git up dinners for de marster, an' dat young man up stairs, for dey bofe thinks more of their eatin' than of anything else in dis here wail o' tears. Ef you puts on dat dress, your ha'r must be fixed up like hern used to be."

"What? mounted on the top of my head like a helmet, and powdered? No, thank you, I had rather keep it in its natural state."

"But jes' let me put it up for onct, young mistis. Jes' do it now to please me, caze I want ter see how much you'll look like de madame wid one of her dresses on you."

But little persuasion was necessary to induce Adrienne to gratify this whim of the old housekeeper, and her glistening hair was soon twined over a cushion crossed in the style of the latter part of the last century, and then lightly sprinkled with a perfumed powder which was produced from some recess known to the sable handmaiden.

The dress was then donned, and found to fit with sufficient accuracy to set off to advantage the light and graceful form of its wearer, and Adrienne gazed with youthful delight into the large cheval glass, upon the brilliant apparition reflected there. Her ruby lips wore a charming smile, as she said:

"I declare I am quite enchanted with the effect of this dress. How much more graceful are these voluminous folds flowing from this pointed boddice, than the scanty drapery and short waists now in fashion in France. Elegant as the wife of the first consul is conceded to be, she lacks the good taste to see how much is sacrificed by the style of costume she has seen fit to adopt."

Eady was scarcely listening to her; she was standing with clasped hands and wondering eyes, and she exclaimed:

"I 'clar to Moses, ef you aint the very *moral* o' the madame. I seen her wi' dat very dress on onct, an' 'cept dat you looks brighter an' younger, you's her 'zact image. What *he*'ll say when he sees you, *I* don' know."

"Am I really so much like Madame Lecour? It seems very strange, for I am sure I am not in any way related to her," said Adrienne, again surveying herself in the mirror.

"You is herself over again; I b'lieve it's jes' a judgment on *him*, an' you is sent here for some purpis bes' known to de Good Man up yonder. Ef 'tis so, *He'll* work it out in his own way, so you never mine. Jes' go on de 'p'inted path, an' all will be well enough. Hi! I carn't stan' here talkin' my nonsense all day, I mus' go down to my work. Here am de keys; mebbe you'd bes' keep 'em, dat you may go in de places whenever you like."

"Will you give me the same permission with reference to the rooms in the old house?" asked Adrienne, mischievously.

"Sho, chile! don't ask what's onpossible. De marster would storm at us bofe an' turn you out o' doors, mebbe, ef he foun' dat you was a takin' perssession o' de keys o' de 'partments," and Eady hurried from the room to avoid any further conversation on a subject that evidently annoyed her.

Adrienne sat down soberly to review her position and fix some line of conduct which would enable her to evade the demands of Father Eustace, and maintain her fidelity to her grandfather, without arousing the anger of the former. She tried calmly to review the singular events of the day, and the anomalous position in which she found herself placed toward the helpless imbecile whom it was henceforth to be her task to wait on and amuse.

With the enthusiasm of a young and untried heart, she believed herself fully competent to fulfill all the duties required of her. *She* would soothe his wandering mind, elevate his nature, and cultivate in him a belief in that future existence which she could well believe M. Lecour had rendered a nullity to the poor outcast of reason.

While she thus mused the time sped away, and Pierre came to her door with the announcement that M. Lecour demanded her attendance in the presence chamber, this grandiloquent name having been given by the old recluse to the apartment occupied by his ward.

With swift steps Adrienne proceeded toward the prince's chamber; she came as a radiant vision of youth and loveliness into the old anteroom, passed Eady with a smile, and glided into the royal presence with a graceful obeisance. Louis sat expectant and impatient before a small table set out with silver and fine porcelain. M. Lecour, in his robe of state, stood with his wand of office, and as his eyes fell upon the young girl, he trembled and grew white as death. Making a violent effort, he mastered his emotion, and his set face seemed more marble-like than ever, as he motioned to her to receive the dishes brought by Eady, and place them before the prince.

Adrienne accomplished this service with ease and grace, and Louis chuckled with satisfaction. He said:

"Well done, *la belle comtesse*, you have earned your title fairly, and now you shall have your reward. You shall eat with my royal self."

"That will be a useless and troublesome innovation, *mon roi*," objected M. Lecour. "If you would eat your food in peace, do not ask a woman to sit down with you. Then you must wait on her, and at present it is the duty of the comtesse to attend to you."

"If it is my pleasure to have it the other way, who shall refuse me? Am I not king? Is it not your duty to obey me, monsieur?"

"It is my pleasure to do so, *mon roi*," replied M. Lecour, with a mocking reverence. "Since it is your will, la comtesse shall eat with you. Mademoiselle, take your place opposite to Prince Louis, and see that he wants for nothing."

Adrienne would gladly have excused herself, but there was no alternative, and she assumed the place indicated. Louis immediately commenced heaping a plate with the daintily prepared viands, which he offered to her acceptance. At a sign from M. Lecour she took it, and before Eady could bring on a second plate for his own use, the prince drew the most tempting dish before him, plunged in a spoon, and commenced eating as if half famished. After despatching that, he seized upon the next, and proceeded thus until Adrienne had reason to congratulate herself that he had thought her worthy of being first served. He swallowed large libations of Burgundy, and nodding toward her over his glass, said:

"Not good for you, la comtesse; too much like blood—too much like blood. But I was nursed on it—the red flush is too familiar. Ah-h-h!" and again he fell back in an attack of catalepsy.

After a few convulsive struggles, Louis sat up, looked stupidly around, and commanded the dessert to be brought in. This consisted of oranges and nuts, and again he was polite enough to supply the wants of Adrienne before taking any himself.

The dinner was at last over, and M. Lecour knelt and offered a bowl of water and a napkin to the mimic royalty to whom it was his whim to do homage. Louis condescendingly said:

"My lord chamberlain, I am pleased with you to-day; very much pleased with your consideration in permitting la comtesse to become the companion of my solitude. Leave us now to be read to by her; she shall reveal to us how the Princess Schehezerade kept her head on her shoulders by amusing the caliph; what wonderful new stories she invented for that purpose. La Comtesse can imagine herself the princess who was so severely tasked, and maybe she can tell something out of her own head to make the time pass pleasantly."

"She will no doubt do her best, *mon roi*, for she wishes to be of use to you."

"Good child—good child, and pretty too—pretty—pretty." Thus muttering, he threw himself back upon his seat, and M. Lecour placed a cushion under his head. Eady rapidly and silently cleared the table, and brought forward a small stand on which was placed a large volume elegantly bound.

M. Lecour addressed Adrienne in a low voice.

"It is my custom to read to him till he falls asleep, and then, with Pierre's assistance, he is removed to his bed for the night. When he is in that state, ring the bell for Pierre, and you are released until to-morrow."

He pointed to the bell handle near the head of the couch, and with a deep reverence towards Louis, left the apartment.

The prince had closed his eyes, and seemed scarcely conscious of what was passing around him. Adrienne opened the volume, and finding a mark between the page, she commenced her task at once. At the sound of her voice he roused himself up, and drowsily said:

"Don't begin there where my lord chamberlain left off. I know the book by heart, and I choose you to turn back to the first part."

"If you know it by heart, how can you find any interest in hearing it read? Had I not better get something else to amuse you with?"

"No—I can't think of new book people. These are all I have ever known about, and I like them best. It is like going on a visit to old friends to hear of them again, and I shall like to listen to your voice telling about them. It is a very sweet and pleasant voice, and you're very pretty to look at too."

Adrienne did not blush at this openly expressed admiration, her heart was too full of sympathy for the unhappy wreck before her, to attach any importance to his words. She simply said:

"I am glad you have taken a fancy to me, for I hope to be useful to you, *mon prince*. I can tell tales to you as well as read them, and when you get tired of the wonders of the Arabian Nights, I can repeat to you the history of a remarkable personage who came on earth eighteen hundred years ago to preach love, forbearance and good will toward men. Who gave us the assurance of the life to come after this, in which the sins and infirmities of earth shall be removed from us."

Louis listened with half awakened interest; he suddenly inquired:

"In that new world shall I get rid of these helpless limbs of mine, and be able to walk as other people do? Ah! that would be fine."

"Yes, there your spiritual body shall be without spot or blemish—beautiful and active, and your mind will resume the highest functions bestowed upon it at its creation, though accident may have dulled it while in its earthly tenement."

The speaker had scarcely expected him to understand her, but he evidently did, and he aroused himself from the lethargy that had been creeping over him to inquire:

"Why has not some one told me of this before. It is much for a poor creature like me to look forward to a transfiguration like that. It might make one willing to give up this life, but not to have my head cut off! No! no! I have seen that. The king, my father, the queen, my poor mother, lost theirs, but I must keep mine. Oh—h!—h!—that vision of blood comes again to blast my sight."

He fell back, and again the convulsions distorted his poor face, and large drops of perspiration burst out upon his brow.

Adrienne hastened to bathe it with cold water, and Louis in a few moments recovered his usual expression of dull serenity. Fearful of arousing the terrible memories which had evidently left their indelible traces upon his mind, feeble as it was, the young girl at once commenced her task of reading aloud.

The prince closed his eyes, and remained perfectly quiescent, only occasionally making some faint sign that he was still awake and listening. The light from the window in the roof began to fail, and the reader paused with the intention of lighting the wax candles which Eady had placed upon the table before leaving the room, but Louis arrested her, and said:

"I like the twilight, and I shall like to hear you talk. Tell me about that wonderful personage of whom you spoke just now. Was he a man? and where did he come from? and where has he gone to? I am sure we need him as much now, as the people did among whom he lived."

"That is true, for we cannot live as we should without him; but he left his teachings to us when he went up to Heaven; they are found in the same book that tells of his life and death."

"Where is this book? Why has not my lord chamberlain told us of this thing before? It has been very remiss in him not to do so, when we need it so sorely too."

"Let me supply that need, my prince, and do not reproach my grandfather with his negligence. People who live in the world, are often indifferent to this wonderful revelation; but to the weak, the suffering, and the oppressed, it is a consolation and a hope."

"Then give it to me, *la comtesse*, for I am suffering, I am weak, though the royal blood of France is my heritage. I know very well what I should have been, though my brain is shattered and my body helpless and deformed. When I sit here alone, I have glimpses of former days; I remember as a dream, the stately palace in which my infancy was passed; the rush of the people that came against it—the proud bearing of my mother, though she was pale as marble. I can also recall the awful scene at Versailles when she carried her children upon the balcony as a protection against the mob that raged for her life; and the journey back to Paris amid all those terrible people, comes before me. Oh! *that* was the first blow to me—something in my childish brain gave way then, and it has never been exactly right since."

Louis sat erect, his eyes grew brighter, and a new life seemed to be breathed into his languid frame by the sympathy and companionship of one near his own age. Gradually Adrienne succeeded in lulling the painful memories that surged out of the melancholy past of this victim to man's inhumanity. She returned to the subject on which she had first spoken; and with simple words, and soft intonation, related the incidents of the Saviour's life to her attentive listener. When she had finished, Louis said:

"It is beautiful, and it seems to me that I have been taught the same things before all the dreadful troubles that came upon us. You must tell me about the Good Man every day, *la comtesse*."

Adrienne readily promised to do so; and wearied by this time with the unwonted efforts at reflection which he had made, Louis sunk back like a child, and almost immediately fell asleep.

Fearful of arousing him, the young girl sat perfectly still in the gathering twilight, watching the faint flickering of the smoldering fire upon the hearth as it flashed up into a blaze at intervals, and then quickly died out, leaving the shadows in the room deeper than before.

It was a strange scene; the lonely room with its rich furniture and royal trappings; the pale slumbering prince, robed in purple and fine linen, and the fair young girl, seated on a tabouret at his feet, dressed in the style of a past generation which so well became her, as she sat with her hands clasped over each other, thinking of the singular developments of the past hours, and wondering what strange thing would next happen in this mysterious old house.

A large mirror occupied the space over the mantel, and in this was reflected the heavy folds of drapery that concealed a long narrow recess, from which opened a dormer window. Suddenly the curtain was lifted, and from the setting sun a stream of light flowed into the apartment. Startled from her reverie, Adrienne looked up, and sat as one spell bound; within the mirror she saw distinctly reflected a tall figure clothed in a loose white robe, with wide hanging sleeves, which fell from her throat to her feet. Her face was coloress as that of the dead, and floating around it was a halo of silvery hair. Over her whole person was thrown a filmy vail, which looked as airy and transparent as the wreaths of mist that float away before the morning sunshine.

A single glance thrilled the frame of the beholder with shuddering awe, for she at once recognized the White Terror which had appeared in her room on the previous night. Yet Adrienne could not believe it to be a supernatural appearance, and she started up with the purpose of rushing toward it, and testing its reality by grasping the form with her own hands.

Swift as her motions were, when she turned twilight again reigned throughout the room, and the curtain hung in motionless folds in front of the window. With rapid steps, Adrienne approached it, and with trembling hands lifted the drapery that shrouded the recess. There was only the empty space within; the fading sunset shed its parting beams upon the whitewashed walls, and Adrienne passed her hands over them hoping to discover the means of egress found by the form which had undoubtedly so lately stood there. She then tried the window which opened nearly to the floor, but found that securely fastened.

She discovered nothing which could explain this second appearance of the phantom bride, and with a heart that trembled with fear, in spite of her efforts to recover her usual equanimity, Adrienne returned to her seat to reflect on the course it would be best for her to adopt. She tried to nerve her courage anew, but her heart sunk within her at the thought that she must pass the night in the loneliness of her chamber, in a house evidently haunted by the unquiet spirit of its former mistress.

The prince slept on; she sat more than an hour with her eyes fixed immovably upon the mirror, hoping yet fearing that the strange vision would again appear; but it did not. With ears sharpened by terror to preternatural acuteness, Adrienne listened for some sound which might betray the vicinity of the pallid bride, but nothing was audible save the heavy breathing of the unconscious sleeper; and after a long struggle with the creeping terror that chilled her to the heart, she summoned courage to rise and grasp the bell-handle.

She stood in a state of tremulous agitation, waiting the appearance of Pierre; and to her excited fancy it seemed an age before she heard his lumbering steps stumbling drowsily up the stairs, and through the outer room. He came in half asleep, but even his dull perceptions were struck with the pallor and the expression of affright upon the face of Adrienne. He said:

"Hi! young mistis, you look as ef de scare o' stayin' in dis ole haunted place have come 'pon you to-night. Whatever have made you look so white, an' wild, I wonder?"

Adrienne steadied her voice as well as she could, and replied:

"I am tired and worn out, that is all, Pierre. Will my grandfather come to aid you to-night in your attendance here?"

"Oh, yes, ma'm'selle. I ring de bell what 'municates wid his room as I come through de hall, an' he'll come 'd'rectly. You'd better go, mebbe, befo' de marster comes. I'll hold de canule for you."

CHAPTER XIV.

Not caring to encounter M. Lecour in the state of excitement in which she then was, Adrienne gladly accepted his offer, and after lighting the candles which stood ready for use, Pierre conveyed her safely through the next room to the head of the staircase.

A light had been placed in the lower hall, but she found herself too late to evade her grandfather. She encountered him, looking stern and gloomy as Bluebeard himself, when the secret of the mysterious chamber had been fathomed by his wife, and he abruptly asked:

"How is it that the prince has remained awake so much beyond his usual hour? Has your silly prattle kept him from sleeping? This must not occur again, for any change in the regularity of his habits may be injurious to him."

"Pardon me, *mon Père*, the prince has been sleeping more than an hour, but I sat thinking over the strange position in which I find myself placed, and forgot to ring the bell. I promise you it shall not occur again."

While she was speaking, M. Lecour regarded her with stern significance. He stopped, and slowly said:

"Your face is as a mirror which reflects what is passing within you. What have you seen that could produce that expression of fixed terror upon your features? Speak, I demand the truth? What has so alarmed you, that you are trembling now in every limb?"

Adrienne approached quite near to him, and said, in an impressive whisper:

"I have seen the White Terror."

If a thunderbolt had suddenly burst at his feet, M. Lecour could not have manifested more alarm. He staggered back, sat down upon a chair, which fortunately happened to be near him, and gazed at her with an expression of incredulous horror. At length he slowly said:

"*She has really come back, then*, for another beside myself has seen her. I have fancied that her apparition was a hallucination of my own mind, produced by the drug I habitually use, for Eady never could see her. Are you *sure*, child, that you were not dreaming?"

"No, no, I was quite awake, and I know that I saw the veiled figure standing in the recess of the window."

"How? Did you raise the curtain to let in more light?"

"No—it was lifted, I do not know how, and the White Terror stood clearly revealed by the fading light of day."

"And the prince? Did he, too, see her?"

"He was sleeping soundly. I examined the recess immediately, but I found it empty, and there was no means of egress except by passing through the room in which I was."

M. Lecour seemed greatly disturbed. He finally spoke in a deep, hollow voice:

"Then this visitation is real, and no vision, conjured up by my own phantasies, as I have tried to believe. Oh! it is an awful wrong which enables the dead to come back from the realms of Pluto, and torment him who inflicted it. I tortured her, and she in her turn comes back to torture me. I have doubted the affinity of blood between us, Adrienne. I have fancied that some exchange was made while you were yet in the cradle; but this fellowship in suffering proves to me that you are really my descendant. If it had been otherwise, this vision, which is invisible to my servants, would not have appeared to you. Oh, child! child! the curse of my guilt is upon you."

His stern face worked with emotions he rarely permitted to gain the mastery, and the young girl stood mutely before him, the elasticity of her nature seemingly crushed by this blow, and her locked lips refusing to utter comfort or consolation, though if she had attempted to do so, in all probability they would have been repelled with scorn by the hard and fitful nature with which she had to deal.

After this unusual burst of remorse, M. Lecour recovered himself. He wiped the beaded moisture from his brow, regained his usual callous composure, and coldly said:

"Go to your room, child, and say over every prayer you have ever learned, as a protection from demonology, for demons certainly have sway in this house. I thought their antics were confined to my own apartment, but it seems they have also fastened on you as a victim. Steel your soul against fear if you can do so, and defy them; that will be your only protection."

He arose, resumed his usual manner, and hastily brushed past her as he ascended the staircase.

Completely unnerved by what had occurred, Adrienne slowly turned toward the corridor that led to her own tower. She suddenly came on Eady, who had evidently been listening to the conversation between herself and M. Lecour. She, too, looked frightened and excited, and she spoke in a flurried manner.

"I was waitin for you, young mistis, to come down, dat I may help you off wi' your dress. You aint seen nothin' to scare you in de room up yonder, I hopes."

Adrienne abruptly replied:

"Yes, I have. I have seen the same figure that came into my room last night, and I conjure you, Eady, if you can explain the mystery of her appearance, that you will do so. I begin to doubt the evidence of my own senses, for I *will* not believe in supernatural appearances."

"But ef dey *does* come, young mistis, an' your own eyes sees 'em, what den?" asked the old woman, with a singular gleam of satisfaction in her eyes. "Dis is a mighty strange worl' we lives in, an' I don't pertend to 'count for half what goes on in it."

"And do you really believe that the departed wife of M. Lecour is permitted to come back to earth to make wretched the life of a helpless creature like me?" passionately asked Adrienne. "What injury have I ever inflicted on her, that she should make my existence in this place a burden to me?"

"You are *his* child," said Eady, solemnly, "an' de good book says 'de sins o' de fathers shall be visited on de children.' I's sorry 'tis so, young mistis, but de great Judge knows better'n us poor creeturs," and the speaker crossed her hands devoutly, and rolled up her eyes in a very effective manner.

In the state of mental excitement in which she then was, the idea thus presented to Adrienne was the most terrible that could have been placed before her. She became even paler than before, and sunk down quite overwhelmed, as she murmured:

"My grandfather spoke the truth; the ancestral curse is upon me; it will blight and ruin my whole future; I dare not dream of hope, happiness or love, for the expiation due for another's evil deeds must also be required of me, his descendant. Oh, Eady, this is indeed terrible."

"Yes, it's very terrible," repeated the negress, in a monotonous tone, like one who had learned her lesson beforehand, and was resolute not to depart from her predetermined course of action. She went on:

"Young mistis, you aint in no state to be lef' by yerself, but I ain't got de time to stay wi' you. Please let me help you take off dem fineries, dat I may go down to fix de marster's supper. He'll be tearin' mad ef 'taint ready at de usual time."

With a dreary shudder, Adrienne looked around the room, and asked:

"Must I stay here all alone to-night, and every night? It is dreadful to think of, for I have invaded the ghost's room, taken possession of her wardrobe, and she will probably return here again as she did last night. Can you not let me go into one of the chambers on your side of the house? I could sleep there without the knowledge of M. Lecour."

Eady shook her head.

"Not for nothin' would I dar' to let you do sich a thing. *He'd* find it out to onct, an' den you an' I mought bofe go to kingdom come, in de white rage he'd get inter. In dat state o' his mine, he'd jes' as soon murder us as look at us. Hi! chile, you don' begin to know half de deviltries dat ole man is up to, when he gets in one o' his onreasonable passions. I's seen him in 'em, an' *I* knows what he can do."

While Eady was speaking thus, she was busily engaged in assisting her young lady to disrobe herself; finding the trembling fingers of Adrienne incapable of performing any service for herself, the old woman took down the elaborate structure of her hair before leaving her. With a promise to return with a cup of tea before she retired for the night, she finally left the frightened girl alone.

Adrienne listened, with an inward shudder, to the departing steps of the negress, and thought of the dreary nights in which she must lie upon that solitary couch, and fancy in every flickering shadow the presence of the White Terror in her room.

The question arose in her mind, was she awake in the previous night when the phantom bride appeared in her apartment? was it merely a vivid dream or a weird reality? She must have possessed at least semi-consciousness of what was passing around her, for the experience of M. Lecour had confirmed her own, and now this awful shape had again appeared to her, as if to confirm her belief in the incidents of that terrible night.

The education of Adrienne had not fitted her mind to contend successfully against superstitious fears, for she had been taught that miracles are yet of frequent occurrence, and that the spirits of the unquiet dead might, for certain ends, be permitted to leave the realm of shadows, and present themselves as tangible shapes to those who had injured or oppressed them while on earth. Wiser people than herself, admitted that such things were possible, why, then, should she doubt the reality of that vision which her own eyes had twice beheld?

Her nervous system had received a shock which prevented her from reasoning correctly; she was very young, extremely sensitive to new impressions, and she suffered with an intensity proportioned to her organization. She sat cowering in her chair, afraid to look around the room, lest the phantom shape should again blast her vision, and the grating of the branches against the windows filled her with nameless terrors.

Eady at length came in and broke the wretched spell that thralled her senses. She thankfully accepted the tea, which, for a wonder, the old woman presented in silence. As she was preparing to go out, she said:

"I don' know what am a goin' to happen nex', for de marster axed arter you, an' tell'd me to say dat he wants you to come to his room afore you go to bed. You'd better fix up your ha'r a little, for it looks kind o' wild, an' you is as white as a ghose yourself."

Adrienne aroused herself at this summons. She felt glad of it, for she wished to put a few questions to M. Lecour. She summoned all her courage to her aid, and prepared to obey his commands. She wound her long hair around her head, and wrapping a large shawl over her dressing-robe, proceeded at once to his room.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE intention of a sin betrays itself by a superfluous caution.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SAD BUT SO.

BY WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

'Tis with the restless of her he sought,
The cruel knight of pain,
Upon his bitter his lady's sword
To deeds of daring bent.
Though love was glowing in his heart,
He hand he could not claim!
'Oft' valor on the battle field
Had earned the wreath of fame.

He sighed the gentle troubadour,
Who tuned his lute to prove
The passion that consumed his breast,
For his fair lady's love;
But sang his plaintive melodies
With words of winning tone,
Until the heart of her he loved
Beat warmly as his own.

The courtier, noble, crown in hand,
Hers gained the world's applause,
By advancing flattery
Some patriotic cause;
The scintillations of their wit,
Made lowly people stare,
Who admiration from the great
And favor with the fair.

Alas! how changed the ways and means
That now address success—
The knave, in spite of his title,
Repeatedly must guess;
His father may have been a fool
Or labored in a ditch—
His mother not, if some assertion
But hint, he's very rich.

THE IMPRESSED YANKEES.

BY SELFANUS COMB, JR.

In 1814, Commodore Sir Thomas Hardy, commanding the British squadron which was blockading the New England coast, received word home to England, in one of his reports, that the schooner *Adder* had been cast away on the coast of Maine, by running upon the rocks in a dense fog, and that a number of her crew were drowned.

The report of Sir Thomas was probably true, "to the best of his knowledge," but there were some little particulars connected with the loss of that schooner which the Commodore never did have understood. However, be that as it may, those particulars were known to certain shrewd Yankee fishermen; and as I had them from the son of one of the actors, so will I give them to you.

One night morning in July, 1814, a small Yankee fishing smack was being hauled out from one of the coves on the eastern shore of Machias Bay. Her commander and owner was a stout, hard-fisted Yankee, named Jedediah Rokin; and his crew consisted of three beside himself—two of the sons, Benjamin, a tall, squalling lad of sixteen; and his son Ezekiel, a prolking boy of fourteen. The fourth man of the crew was named Oil Robinson. He was Jedediah's father, and was a hale, hearty patriarch of sixty. As soon as the smack had been hauled out from behind the headland, her kedge was taken ashore, and her cable given to the lightwoman that came in from the ocean. Jedediah wished to catch some fish for market, before he left land, where he not only expected to find a ready market, but where he also expected to obtain a good return in money.

"Hellow!"

"What's the matter?"

It was Jake who had said "hollow:" and his father had asked, what was the matter. Zeke was forward, and his father had the helm.

"Look o' Thar!"

"Look where?"

"Jist look at that ere chap."

"Five and twenty!" exclaimed Jedediah; "it's a British cruiser, as sure as the world! She's got guns, or I'm a sinner!"

Sure enough, there was a schooner, somewhat a very large one, with the English flag at her peak, a big four guns, with the Union Jack at her mizzen, and a squad of men at her bows. However, the British frigate, or even a sloop of the line, would not have been more unwelcome; for the fisherman could have resisted the one as easily as he did the other.

The smack had started out with the wind little forward of the larboard beam, and the schooner was coming down across her course.

"Perhaps," said Jedediah, "she won't trouble us."

But the words were no sooner out of his mouth than they stood a gun from the schooner's bows, and a round shot ploughed up the water under the stern of the smack.

"Everlastin' Salvation!" ejaculated Old Robinson, trembling with dread alarm.

"Don't be alarmed," said Sam. "We'll heave to, and see what the critter wants."

The smack was brought up to the wind, and in a little while the Englishmen were aboard her, which same stoodpole with a midshipman and six men. The officer, and four of his companions, turned to the helm, looped up the head, and commanded to know who was captain of the smack.

"I be," said Jedediah.

"You are a fisherman?"

"Yes."

"Can't ye see a hole through a ladder?"

"Eh?"

"Can't ye see a hole through a ladder? He's bound to take us, and we've got to go. Let's go quickly, and perhaps we can get back in a day or two."

Jedediah comprehended; and, more still, he saw the force of his son's remark.

"Well," he said, turning to the officer, "if you take me, you'll pay me for it."

"Certainly."

"An' you'll treat us well?"

"If you behave yourselves, certainly."

"We don't want to go a bit; but we'd rather go decently than be lugged off like sheep. Fishin' don't pay nothin' critter, an' I s'pose father an' Zeke kin ketch enough tew find the folks in vittles."

"All right," responded the Englishman. "Take what traps you want, and come along."

When they went below Jedediah found an opportunity to whisper to his father, and he bade him keep up a good heart, and wait for the result.

"It may be," he said, "at they'll keep us some time; but I'd rather rockos as how't they won't have us so long as they think fer."

"Don't do nothin' rash, Jed."

"Let Sam an' me alone for that."

In a little while Jedediah and Samuel were ready to go; and though it gave them a pang to part with the old man and Ezekiel, they knew how it likes hirrow. They bore it better than did those who were left behind.

Our Yankees found the schooner to be a sung, clean craft, with four nine guns, and twenty men. Her full complement of men was thirty; but from a conversation in the Mockabiggi fiscal, she had been forced to sail short-handed. The lieutenant who had boarded the smack was the commander, and he had for under officers two midshipmen and a boatswain. It was not thought proper to put the two new men into the same watch, so Jedediah was put into the starboard watch, and Sam into the larboard. Monhegan and the smack were soon out of sight, and Sam went aft to the helm. He had no very desirous of showing that he meant to do his duty.

"I dinder like it," said Sam, addressing his father on the following morning, "I rayther like this. It's enough better than keepin' that ketchin' fish, ain't it?"

"Surtin like," replied Jedediah.

Sam pretended that he did not see the commander standing close behind them, though he had been careful that his words should be loud enough to reach that individual's ears.

On the second day our heroes discovered that the schooner was, for awhile, to stand near by the mouth of the Kennebec, to intercept any vessels that might attempt to get out or in; and, as it was known that a good many quite respectable vessels were armed in that locality. On the morning of the fourth day the schooner was enveloped in a dense fog, and the lookout was on a standing rain. There was but little wind, and the vessel's head was kept to the eastward, so that she might not run ashore. In the afternoon father and son met in the gangway.

"Say, dad, this ere fog'll be likely to hold on some time."

"Yes," replied Jedediah. "I shouldn't wonder if it kept kinder thick."

"If it does," said Sam, in a low, impressive whisper, "we'll have another chance to get into the cockle."

"Eh, Sam—what d'ye mean?"

"Never mind now, dad. I've got an idea, but I don't want to say anything till I'm sure of success; you'd better stand by. It'll be your last watch below, and we'll have to be all on deck. Come up in an hour arter your watch below, and I'll tell you."

"Aye," he muttered, after a brief period of reflection. "I'll be ready; only be sure you're right—for I thought it were a human creature in difficulty."

He started up, hild his pipe on the mantel, and then left the cabin. Samuel crept softly to the door, as if determined to settle the mooted point in his mind before he left the cabin.

The wind and rain rushed in in gusty torrents when Sam threw open the companion door, and he stood within an inch of total darkness, but Carl Jeffrey's voice was heard above the storm. Sam managed to discern a solitary figure crouched upon his close-stay. In the twinkle of the midship lantern he saw the sun with a vague, blank stare, he recognized it, crying out:

"Carl Jeffrey! It is not Mr. Charles!"

He had forward to catch the flashing form in the darkness—but he had not. The next moment he fluttered away from the pallid countenance.

Half an hour afterward Charles Jeffrey came slowly to his senses in Carl Jeffrey' crimson vessel's cabin. He opened his eyes upon the flickering gown, and thoroughly warmed through by the fire in the cabin stove. His sister's face and old nana's countenance bending over him with the most anxious solicitude.

"Where am I?" enumerated the young stranger, with a bewildered look and total forgetfulness.

"Ah, I remember now—I remember shaking hands with Carl—and then a blackness and the bitterness of death was upon me—and then came the smile, that is, he put the south-pole under that point on the card marked North. Then he put the helm down, and brought the ship to the close top, and closed the binnacle. The compass looked as honest as could be, and I trembled upon his point as freely as ever, but I took him, and he got the ship under the lee of south-east, it indicated that she was going in exactly the opposite direction. Then he began to put the helm up, keeping her off until the wind was right abeam. He was about, and then he still keeping her moving around, until finally the wind took the starboard bow, and he began sending the boom over by the run.

"Then the boom was shortened, at the top of my voice. 'Hellow here, Mr. Middleton!' The wind's all chopped up. Carry to port!'

"Then I was all alone.

The officer of the deck crowded out from his nest, and carried to the binnacle.

"What ye up to, ye lubber?"

"Good Heavens, you'll be better as what's the wind up, to," returned Sam. "This is one of your Mockabiggi Yankees. By golly, I whopped around like chain lightnin'!"

Sam had lanched the schooner's head just to the opposite point from the one on which she had been before standing, and by the time the officer comprises, she still appeared to be sailing upon her old course. She secured the binnacle once more, and the lieutenant, and six others stood in a small group upon the quarter-deck.

The commander was called up, and of course he hesitated a little, but at last he came to the sailing point.

"I guess," said he, "that we had considered the matter, and that we'll stand on as we are till the morning, and then we'll release the boy, and send him over to Monhegan. In such a fog as this our present course is the safest."

After the deck watch had been set, Sam and his father in the gangway again.

"Dad, how is it, eggs, say sort of reckonin' since this ere fog come?"

"Yas."

"An' what should ye think we was when the wind got that considerable lower?"

"We was about twenty miles southeast of Scotts. We didn't make much headway on the wind."

"But we're makin' a good headway now?"

"Yas—we're runnin' off five or six knots."

"Then we'll be ashore afore the sun's up."

"Eh?"

"We'll be ashore afore the sun's up."

"Sam?"

"It's jist so, dad, and you've got to stand by for a jump."

And thereupon, in a very low whisper, Sam told his father what he had done.

"Everlastin' salvation! Tooo don't say so!" he broke at length.

"Glory!"

"Be quiet, dad, an' keep yer eye peeled. Have a hammock ready to take with ye when ye jump over. Easy—here comes somebody."

At four o'clock the last watch was called.

At half-past four the look-out at the bows discovered something.

"*Breakers ahead!*"

At that moment two men, each with a hammock, jumped over the quarter.

In a moment more the schooner struck upon some sunken rocks, and was quickly on her beam-ends.

Before another night our two Yankee fishermen were in Bath, and on the following morning a large party went down to the mouth of the river. They found the schooner's wreck among the rocks inside of Seguin. Those of her crew who had escaped with their lives had taken themselves off, and as a faking-smack, which had been moored about a mile distant, was missing, it was supposed they had taken her and made off for the Passamaquoddy. At all events, not one of the schooner's crew was ever seen again on that coast, and the owner of the smack received more than made himself whole from the wreck.

THE DISCOVERED WILL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a night of wind and tempest, with great sheets of rain sweeping by in fitful gusts, and a heavy canopy of inky cloud and darkness above. Far in the country side groups of giant trees wrestled wildly with the gale—now on trickless soaring like a shadow of the wheel, and the rugged stumps were strewn with shipwrecks the rugged stumps were strewn with shipwrecks innumerable. Verily, the spirits of the air were abroad, and revelled in the dark wings of that midnight blast!

But did not let others think of all this, as he sat in that cozy little shop of his, the door locked and the window curtains drawn, and the shining rolly on his wrinkled forehead? Very likely he might have passed through it, and, for he was a thoughtful, curious sort of genius with a fine imagination, but this night attempt to get a dial kindness in the warm corner of anxiety which he considered his heart! And the quaint odds and ends of antique furniture with which they littered the apartment (shop and home) was crowded, seemed to exercise a sobering influence over his wildest fits of thoughts. There were strange old carved chairs, cushions of faded velvet and tapestry, and stiff-backed settees, and dusty clocks that wouldn't go, and queer old pictures which wouldn't look new, but were always setting up their shrill tunes at every turn of the hour. There were curious old stained engravings, and statuettes without any arms, and gilded shades, without any light, and all the odds and ends of a well-used assemblage, confronted in the multi-ration velvet arm-chair, with his feet on the fender, where that long chair had been the last revelle, sat old Carl Jeffrey, smoking his pipe and looking out of the window with a bright glitter of the intense fire.

Suddenly, at the first moment, as the wind rattled the pictures on the wall, in an attitude of deep attention.

"Aye," he muttered, after a brief period of reflection, "I'll be ready; only be sure you're right—for I thought it were a human creature in difficulty."

He started up, hild his pipe on the mantel, and then left the cabin. Samuel crept softly to the door, as if determined to settle the mooted point in his mind before he left the cabin.

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"*Breakers ahead!*"

At that moment two men, each with a hammock, jumped over the quarter.

"It may be so," said Rivers, doubtfully.

"And you won't consider it no impertinent question from an old friend like me, Mr. Charles —what do you propose to do now?"

"Nothing—anything to earn an honest livelihood, I suppose," he said, smiling faintly. "Since my fortune has not come to me, I must go and seek my fortune, Carl!"

"A brave resolve," exclaimed the old man, "and now, Mr. Charles, if you won't mind my speaking my eye on the fire, I'll just run into the street and get a bottle of wine, and somethin' to tempt the hosts to eat."

And the kindly soul had rushed out into the driving rain and howling tempest before the gnome could stop him.

Poverty comes not unto, moodily watching the glowing embers, and then rose and began pacing up and down the narrow room. At length he paused before the writing-desk of the secretary desk, which, with other old-fashioned furniture, had been swept into the auction which upon which Wilde Melbourne took possession of his uncle's hoarded wealth. He opened and shut the drawers, lifted up the heavy top, and looked thoughtfully at its dark panels.

"How often these carved lion's heads used to frighten me, as a timid nervous child," he murmured to himself. "We always used to fancy, Rivers and I, that there must be some secret drawer about the clumsy old thing, but we never could discover its whereabouts."

He half smiled, and bent to examine the heavy carving. As he closed the desk a bit of wood dropped on the floor—a little piece of wood in the shape of a glittering leaf, slipped from its place, and fell upon the ground.

"How curious I am!" was the young man's mental reflection, as he endeavored to replace it. Why, what prevents this from being an old-fashioned desk?"

A jagged splinter of wood seemed to have become loosened at the joint. Charles Rivers pressed it down with his finger, in order to replace the little piece which had fallen out, and, in a second, a tiny drawer sprang open, as if by some secret spring, and disclosed a compartment within which had for years withstood the keenest search of the curious. Charles Rivers looked excited. It was very small; in fact, so small that it contained only two or three crumpled bits of waste paper and one folded document—a duly executed will, bearing the signature of Wilde Melbourne, and dated just a month later than the last which had been proved and executed. You could not wait for the morrow's sun to work the ruin of ruin and misfortune.

Suddenly the remembrance of Wilde Melbourne's sweet, young wife, in all her gentle loveliness, came across his troubled spirit, and he remembered that he was to dine with them an hour ago, that he would even then lay down his life for her, take as his own her sorrow!

For a moment Revenge and Magnanimity waged a fierce hand-to-hand strife in his heart—then his better nature had been paid, and resolved to carry the secret with him to his grave.

"Good-by, Carl," he said cheerfully the next morning. "You have indeed been a good Samaritan to me, and Heaven will reward you for it in its own time."

All the peaceful morning-tide, the crimson waves of build had rolled over the blue Virginian waters, and the sunlight, wrapped in its golden robes, looked across the pine-fringed hills in the opposite shore. The grey field was strewn with the dead and dying, but apart from all the rest, on the sandy beach, lay the lifeless body of a bending oak, and shattering hedges of sweet briar, and the prostrate pink blushrose over the velvet moss below, lay Wilde Melbourne, with closed eyes, and white, bloodless face. Stretched beside in his breast, the life was slowly oozing away in crimson drops, and the stain of blood had spread around his head, so that he never knew whose hand it was that had checked his career of ambition in mid-career, and borne him away from the battle-field to this peaceful spot to die. He never knew that his friend had bathed the blood away from that frightful gash in his head, close under to his parched lips, until they no more needed any draught from earthly springs. And not until the clasp of cold his hand on Rivers' wrist had relaxed in the dull repose of death, did the other guess to think of the gunshot wound that was bleeding away his life.

"How is it, Captain?" asked a rough fellow who was supporting the dead man's head, and who now held it gently down on the moss, and wiped away the damp hair from the pallid forehead.

"All over with me, I'm afraid, my good fellow," returned the young man, trying to smile in spite of all the lightning-like pains that darted through his frame.

"Too bad, Captain!" exclaimed the other with sympathy. "If you had only remained where you were. The scoundrel who fired at you was over-carrying that dying man off the field. What was the use of caring for him?"

"Much," returned Rivers, with a strangely sweet smile. "Take my hand a little, Wayland —there—and bring me a few drops of water from the fountain. It is written in the Book of Life, 'Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.'"

The rude soldier held the crystal draught to the dying man's lips with a tear in his eye and breast, and a dimness before his eyes which increased every moment.

"And now, Wayland," said the dying man, "I have but one favor to ask. Take this folded piece of paper; see, I have sealed and secured it —and deliver it, according to the address it bears, with no one home again. Will you promise me—this—with your hand upon my heart, as my holding it——"

"I will, Captain, so help me Heaven!" answered the soldier, solemnly, and in a voice expressive with emotion.

And so the brave young soldier died! And the sweet night dews and starlight distilled their tenderest influences over the grassy bier where Charles Rivers and Wilde Melbourne were lying side by side as they had often lain in boyhood—and Alice Melbourne never knew how truly and tenderly she had been treasured in the heart of her earliest lover, until the sealed up will was placed in her hands, on the very day that brought the dreadful tidings of her widowhood, on the field of battle.

To yield to the passions is to give up the struggle, and to acknowledge ourselves beaten; but to contend to the last is to earn the reward of the faithful.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PARTICULARLY PREPARED FOR THE LEDGER
BY ARA, J. PRENTICE.

THAT nation cannot be free that is bought with its own blood and sold against it; where the eagle is made to kneel to carcasses by the eagle in fear; and where, from high to low, there is nothing selling and nothing purchased, but a cold contemptible barter.

THE money cannot circulate through the veins and arteries of trade. It is a great pity that bad money should circulate in the arteries of the human frame.

A RICH man taking drugs to escape death is often like a person under the influence of night-mare; he is under a terrible delusion, and driven by his terrors, he cannot flee to escape from it.

A LAW overcharged with severity, like a thunderstorm knows to be overloaded with power, will be the more sure to do its work.

IN the statement of truth, clearness is better than eloquence; for one's mind is lost in it, and is the brightest thing, is also the briefest.

PLEASANT and cool appear the souls of the scholars of the present age, in the shadows of the trees under which Plato taught.

THE domestic affections can no more bloom in the hardened atmosphere of sin than flowers can flourish in the parsed science.

THE Christian needs more anxious to conceal their love than their hate—probably because they are more ashamed of it.

THE fabrication of sugar, like that of the sword, is to be done, but idles up from.

OCTOBER, with his coat of many colors, is the true child of the sun and shower.

OPPRESSION the things that we most wish to forget are the things we most love to remember.

THE world would be a good role, that, when the child remembers, we should smile the father.

THE sensitive of human life is watched to people many larger worlds.

THAT man who has not have given up would be most mortified at being given up by others.

SECRETS are disappointments are more severe, like eclipses in darkness.

THE world has usually write their names illegibly never do so on a subscription list.

THE money friendship guarantees generates enmity, as may be made by the channel action of soul.

A VAIN simpleton is made the sport by his company.

THE world is but a hall of himself.

POVERTY is like a panther; look it sternly in the eye, and it will slink back into its den.

GLUTTONY is an common a vice as drunkenness, and is sunk as long before to dot in death.

IN a rattlesnake strikes at and misses you, you may be sure it is not angry.

FANCIES are the flowers of the soul; thoughts are its stars.

ANY home you probably sleep in one tick; in another you sleep in two.

WHEN a horse's age is in question, he is generally judged of as well as mouth.

MEN seem to get very full in prosperity, but is best then they proved find themselves.

THE smallest woman may fill the largest place.

AN active life; like a rapid current, may purify itself by motion.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A LOYAL WOMAN, living near Edgefield, Mo., recently presented to the fighting under General Lyon, at the battle of Wilson's Creek, a flag which she had made in the U. S. Army, was visited not long since by a number of secessionists, who ordered her to her, which she refused to give them, and when they threatened death, she pointed to her two daughters and her servants, armed with pistols, shot-guns, and other handy weapons, and told them they would fight while they did. There's nothing like pluck and a good cause.

A FIGHT between a party of Texan rebel cowards, one day through Arkansas, getting short of provisions, and not knowing how to get more, and the two sections of their without compromise, they attempted to take what they could not get, and after hands and by force, whereupon the farmers and planters began a guerilla warfare upon them, killing numbers of them, and driving the remainder out of the State.

THE farmers and the mechanics of Little Rock, Arkansas, who became estranged from each other soon after their secession movement, have come together in their common oppression, and into a county convention, and have passed resolutions denouncing secession and the wile leaderships which have plunged the State into its present misery, and declared that they be sent and submitted to.

THE people of boys, of the respective ages of fourteen and seventeen, while hunting in Iowa, came upon a party of runaway negroes, and after a parley with them with great fury, but the boys, valiantly standing their ground, fled, and the other gained the timber. Soon after, as the east of a few across scratches, and baffy tore them.

AMONG the items of news lately received from Utah, is one that a couple of Mormons had had their cause redressed in relation to a "wife" claimed by each. The husband of the latter had taken a third wife, and was so set up, and so exhausted by loss of blood, that both left hospital to see the end of the matter in the respective homes.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1861.

THE CLUB OF TEN RECEIVES A COPY of LEDGER one year, for $10. A proper money for remittances by regular and reliable writers, in order to make a great and permanent success. Specimen copies sent free. Subscriptions to commence, and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

WE always pay the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or before the time. We do not wish to lose a single subscriber. It would be well to renew your subscription a few weeks before the time expires.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former, as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR PROSPECTUS FOR 1862.

Next week we shall publish our Prospectus for 1862. It gives us pleasure to be able to say that all the old and popular contributors to the LEDGER will continue to write for it a long time. Mr. Everett will continue his "Leisure Hours." Save will contribute his sparkling poems; and Prentice, Morris, Willis, Mayo, Cobb, Bennett, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Sigourney, Fanny Fern, Miss Dupuy, Anna Cora Ritchie, Alice Cary, and all the rest, will furnish their usual quota of poetry, stories, sketches, &c.,—the particulars of which will be given in our new Prospectus next week. In the meantime, our friends can get up "clubs" for the LEDGER by. The LEDGER has always progressed from one point of excellence to another still higher, and we are now making such arrangements as will enable us to make it still better during the ensuing year than it ever yet has been.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR—Single copies of the paper, two cents; six copies, $5; eight copies, $7; Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.25. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies (and pays for one time) will be entitled to a copy free. Terms invariably in advance. We sometimes give terms for a less period than one year. Clubs can commence at any time and receive any number in addition to subscription, to pay the Anniversary postage, which is half a cent a copy an every paper. The terms of all specie-paying States are taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. ☞ Address, ROBERT BONNER, New York.

OUR OLD WARS.

During the last hundred and sixty-two years we have had nine wars, (without counting Indian wars,) and all of these together make fifty years of warfare. That is to say, during the last century and a half, we have had one year of war to about every two years of peace.

Our first war took place in the reign of William III., and lasted from 1689 to 1697. William III., the champion of Protestant interests, waged a long war with the magnificent and prodigious Louis XIV. of France. Canada, the New England refugee from leading a helping hand? The considerable expeditions raised from Boston against the northern French possessions, both of which ended in sad wreck and loss, and brought on New England the curse of depreciated paper money. This war was always styled by the colonists "King William's war."

The next war, known as Queen Anne's war, began in 1702, and ended with the peace of Utrecht in 1713. It was the time when the great Marlborough won his most brilliant victories. This brave and generous son of Massachusetts again assailed the French in the North, and wrested from them the possession of Nova Scotia, a conquest which the treaty of Utrecht confirmed.

After thirty years of peace, the third war broke out, called King George's war, because it occurred in the reign of George II. It lasted from 1744 to 1748. Once more Massachusetts, with the aid of six other colonies, sent northward a mighty armament, and successfully besieged the stronghold of Louisburg on the island of Cape Breton, an island that was celebrated in a few years, from Boston to Charleston, with bonfires, fireworks, illuminations, barbecues and thanksgivings. The valiant Yankee who commanded was knighted and made a lieutenant-general for his conduct on this occasion. Sir William Pepperell he was thenceforth called.

Next came the long seven years' war, in which Braddock fell, and Wolfe took Quebec, and all Canada and all India fell under the power of Great Britain, the war conducted by William Pitt. In Europe this war is called the Seven Years' war; but in America, where it lasted more than ten years, we commonly style it the Old French War. It began in 1755, and ended with the peace of Paris, in 1763. Canada, as we have already recorded by New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, bore the brunt of this long and severe test.

Then came the war of the revolution, which lasted eight years; then the rupture with France in 1798; then the war of 1812; then the war with Mexico; and, last, this war of 1861, in which we are engaged.

All the old French wars were mainly fought and paid for by New England, and so was the old testimony of Gen. Washington himself that his great military genius got its first development was upon Yankee steadiness and valor. In the war of 1812 and the war with Mexico the Southern States bore their full share. But in the wars of England and New York sullen that was the battles on the sea and bought the world that the United States had a navy.

THE OVERCROWDED POOR.

Despite the sailing enterprise of public social evils foster unchecked in the heart of this great city. Some of them have recently been placed in a strong light by the "New York Sanitary Association," and the revelations of that excellent society may well make the heart of every reader so his reads. Disgraceful as the statements are, they cannot be too widely known, for in shaming into the performance of their duty those who are mainly responsible for the state of things described, lies the only chance of amelioration and reform. Monopolies to make the rich richer can be lobbied through the legislature without cost; passes or indulgences—municipal ordinances legalizing public robbery can be rushed through our city councils at a gallop—but the health, the lives, the morals of the indigent are left at the mercy of case-hardened landlords and underlotters, who fatten on misfortune, misery and shame. Many of these grinders of the face of the poor are ward politicians. They nominate and help to elect members of the legislature, aldermen, councilmen and executive officers, while our solid men of character either stand aloof from the strife or enter into it with a half-heartedness and want of unanimity that inevitably lead to defeat. Hence the immense landlords and under-letters are always sure to have the right men (for them) in the right places. No laws that seriously affect their wealth or power are likely to be passed; nor, if passed, would they be executed. The mild acts in relation to tenement houses now on the Statute-book are unfortunate in dead letter.

Let us glance briefly at the discoveries of the Sanitarians. Reports have been presented from at one of its late meetings, that twenty-seven thousand people in this city live in cellars unfirst below the sidewalk. In a block in Lawrence street, only one hundred and eighty feet long by fifty deep, are huddled *one thousand two hundred and fifty nine souls and children.* These and other blocks in different parts of the city say one of which contains as many families as would be built a continuous row, four miles long, of dwellings as large as those on Fifth avenue. *One tenement house has a population of one hundred and twenty-six families!* And these abodes of squalid poverty yield princely revenues.

It not be supposed that the high rents are confined to the unfortunate and the commercial pursuits of the city. Even two-story rear buildings, let by the room, sometimes yield $3,000 a year—and a six-story tenement house, judiciously rack-rented, will enable the owner to live in Fifth avenue and keep his carriage!

The destruction of bodies and souls consequent upon such a state of things must be left to the imagination. Statistics cannot measure it, nor the misery of the victims.

HOW TO MAKE SELFISH PEOPLE.

The way to spoil a child is to give it all it wants and require nothing in return. The way to make a child grow up to be sensible and unselfish is to let it help others and require of it much. For, it is not what others do for us but what we do for others and others, that makes us happy. *To gratify their children,* and this they think is gratification. It is not generosity; it is selfishness. To gratify a child is a keen delight, but to make it do for others is a greater happiness. To spoil a lesson costs only a word; to give it a toy is an effort of a few cents; to make it do for others and flattering words is no trouble at all. But generosity, which is the noblest trait of man, is compel the faithful performance of a task, you encounter difficulties, you have to deny yourself and practice some of the cardinal virtues; you have to be patient and kind; you have to exercise between a good parent and a bad parent is this: a good parent treats his child in the way that will be most beneficial to it when it is grown up. A bad parent considers only the child's enjoyment of to-day.

We ought to be more charitable toward silly people than we are. Selfishness is an extremely unlovely trait. But when we consider how many fond and foolish parents there are, we cease to blame them to grief to others, or performs services for others, we ought not to wonder at the many persons who are wholly devoted to the gratification of self. The kind that is not kind, who are generous only to the end that will be most beneficial to it when it is grown up. Then, the kindness of parents is often one and hardened, the longer he wields the sledge-hammer. Well, it is time we were the doctrine of body and mind.

Who are the statesmen and public-spirited? Who are the first to rush to the defence of an imperilled country? Who are the first to help the neighbors? Who bestir themselves for the unfortunate? Who are the first to go back to the early homes of these people, and give will find the answer. They are willing to lighten their parents' load, not make it heavier. They become self-reliant and good sense by being obliged to perform at least a part of the work they caused. The boys were hoeing corn, bringing in wood, and doing many things that were helping their mothers. In this way, they acquired a knowledge of themselves which prevented them from being either very high or very low in their estimation. They know not how to name, but it is *the difference* between a person of sense and a fool.

OUR NATIONAL CASH ACCOUNT.

How fortunate for us that our Secretary has so ordered matters this season that we have not had to go into the foreign money market! We be ahead of all other nations in the matter of cash. The only thing that we have to fear is *fraud.* Of this vital necessity it so happens that we have more than enough—and this year than we ever had before, while European countries are correspondingly short of it. This of course makes them our customers to a vast amount, as we can take but little of their products in return, they have to pay immense sums of money to make up the account. The result is, our country is flooded with gold. Every steamer arriving brings in its hard cash, are piled up in bank vaults, and gold—an and silver coinage—stands at the par value of coin, penetrate the country far and wide, and every where it is the same thing—plenty. "Money makes the mare go," saith the old adage. "Money makes the world go round," saith Vespasian. "Money is the life blood of the nation," say the political economists. Well, we have the money—lots of it—heaps of it. Our national life blood is rich and full, and circulation" is free and vigorous; and the country really politic is fast becoming more healthy than ever.

WASTED BULLETS.

The gallant fellows who have rallied under the Union flag certainly do give Jeff Davis and co. the trouble to calculate the chances of being hit or injured by the enemy. Knowing they are right, they go ahead cheerfully, and leave results to Providence. It may, however, be some consolation to their friends at home to learn that only one man is killed and wounded in battle for each one hundred and fifty pounds of balls discharged. This was about the proportion of casualties in the ammunition during the war in the Crimea, and is by no means largely agreeable bit of statistics for the nervous. There are eighteen hundred ounces in 150 lbs. Troy; and, therefore, supposing the above calculation to be reliable, (and averaging the balls at an ounce a piece,) the chances of being hit by a bullet in battle would be as 1 to 1700.

But *possibly* cannon-balls are included in the estimate. If so, the chances of escape would be considerably diminished. One thing, however, is certain, viz.: that although "every bullet has its billet," the proportion billeted on the enemy is encouragingly enormous.

—In our next number we shall publish a beautiful Christmas Story, written expressly for the Lancers, by A. Oakey Hall, Esq., our new District Attorney.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Twenty-Six.

"THE LAW OFFICERS OF THE CROWN."

In the course of the last summer, two British subjects residing in New York were arrested, on what are candidly admitted by the English press to have been groundless charges of conspiracy and concerned in transmissible practices, and were confined for six months in Fort Lafayette. No attempt was made by their friends or the official representatives of their government to procure their release by the writ of *habeas corpus;* but their case was promptly taken before the courts, and were found innocent and discharged, one after the other, and the other after fifteen days' confinement. It was not known, at the time, to the United States government that these persons, Faitch and Rahming by name, were British subjects; but this fact, had it been known, could not have altered the character of the outrage or its treatment. Foreigners in all countries are, equally with native citizens, subject to the law of the land. Their being foreigners gives them no exemption either from the ordinary operation of the Law, or from any summary process which the government may think necessary. They are not hereby and unjustly treated, their government will naturally make representations in their favor; but no well advised government will ever hurriedly to promise redress or reparation in foreign lands against the equal operation of the laws. The only point that requires their attention is the question, in this respect, are the United States and Great Britain in a similar case, however, console us by commonly supposed, for they have no such exclusive privilege; all persons, whether on shore or afloat, while within the jurisdiction of the country, are amenable to its authority, as the law constituted to be jurisdiction—and in no country on earth does the friendly hospitality, in addition to the protection and easy terms of naturalization, share so many and so important privileges as in America.

A correspondence has lately taken place between the Secretary of State and the British Consul and the United States Secretary of State, on the subject of the arrest of Messrs. Faitch and Rahming. Having alluded, in very general terms, to the fact, it is not necessary to enter into the course under instructions, say, "it is under the Secretary of State, that the Law Officers of the Crown have advised her Majesty's government, that the arrest was illegal, and the detention unjustifiable and illegal." To this remark Mr. Seward temporarily replies, that "the Government does not question the learning of the legal advisers of the Crown, but it does not agree with the conclusion which Her Majesty pays to them. Nevertheless, it feels gratified that such learned counsel have the President will accept their explanations of the Constitution of the United States."

The intelligent London correspondent of "Times" of Nov. 6 in his commentary on this correspondence, among other things, says: "Mr. Seward's severity, as it seems to me, on Lord Lyons' position is not to be borne. Lord Lyons enjoys accordingly ill on our part, and with much ability and tact on the part of the American government." In the difficulty with Lord Lyons' argument is, that he had no power to act in the affair, except from the tone and tenor of his brief letter, that he had in fact no power. He was acting on instructions which had been hastily given on the ex-confidential advice of the Law Officers of the Crown, and it is plain that his own good sense that is not done. Mr. Seward, it is plain, from the truth is, there was nothing to complain of; the two Englishmen were legally arrested on the charges of treason and conspiracy, grounded on reasonable ground of suspicion, and they were not known at the time to be other than American citizens; they were leniently treated; the unofficial representations of the British Consul were promptly attended to; their case was investigated, their innocence established, and they were discharged. Lord Lyons' dispatch containing an account of their arrest was written by a telegraphic message that they were at liberty. These are the facts, which Lord Lyons communicated to under the advice of the Law Officers of the Crown, and, therefore, not unnaturally to the minister at Washington, to denounce as an act of despotic and tyrannical violence, inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, and not to be endured by a free people. The measures the two nations, and as tending to prevent the recurrence of the like in future. The United States for the purposes of trade and industry." To speak of such a thing taking place, as Lord Lyons well observes, "under the hard necessities of a time of internal trouble," as an act of despotic and tyrannical violence, is, to say the least, like an eagerness to find matter of offence. There was nothing despotic or tyrannical in the arrests; there is no provision in any treaty between the nations that it was illegal. No, it will add, between any two countries whatever, with authorities which of course could not be exempt from the action of the law or from any necessary precautions on the part of the government by which the native is subjected, (and Lord Lyons must know that the Law Officers of the Crown in British subjects and American citizens are treated alike,) nor is the exercise of such precautions in such occasion, as urged by the London "Times," in the occasion of the Trent affair, "a breach of the Law of Nations, as I have said, seconds so privilege or the foreigners has been abused by the perverse natives.

The "Times" observes that "dignity and propriety alike required that no allusion should be made to the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, in such a communication as the present." We rebuke, however, I apprehend, is not merited by Mr. Seward. His tone is courteous and his proceeding dictated by his government, and he has given no cause for any such public comment, to dispense with whatever colorable pretext there may be for such a reference to the authority of those learned functionaries.

Mr. Seward, however, has introduced their opinion with all the civility it could possibly require, and has done no more than to refer to the opinion of "the Law Officers of the Crown." Their opinion was communicated to the British Minister, on way tiring pertaining to matters in which the Crown is the country and the law of Britain. Whether it is by some inexplicable fatality, or by the ignorance of correspondents, on the part of those officers, to the known or supposed views of the British people, that the high opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown (the Attorney and Solicitor General) has, without a single exception that comes to my notice, been adverse to America, not only in reference to the present case, but to the general principles applicable to those on which grave British authority at the time was pronounced in the case of the Trent, which, in after times, the soundest English statesmen, taught in the sober school of experience, have done us justice. "When New York had failed to make an appreciation for the civil service," says Mr. Bancroft, "a bill was prepared to be laid before parliament, giving the usual revenue; and this bill having received the approbation of the great whig lawyers, Northey and Raymond, was the precedent which overcame Greenville's scruple about taxing the colonies, without first allowing them representation."* Northey and Raymond, were the Law Officers of the Crown, and tracing back events to their remote sources, their opinion on this forgotten project of a bill, may, by its influence on the mind of Mr. Grenville, be considered the cause of the American revolution. Lord Raymond is one of the purest and brightest names in the history of the English law, especially for his assertion of party politics; although his opposition to the English law-bill shows, as it seems to me, a somewhat narrow mind. The value of Sir Edward Northey's opinion on a political-legal question may be inferred from the fact, that he was raised to the peerage, and that he had so much business with Irish bills, *due to his care of the king's prerogative, and the interest of the crown in Ireland.*

The same opinion of the right of parliament to tax colonies in all cases was soon after given by two other Law Officers of the Crown, one of whom at least enjoys a higher reputation even than Lord Raymond. Lord Mansfield, then Sir Wm. William Murray, and Solicitor-General, had in 1766, in connection with the Duke of Grafton, given the opinion, that "An act of Parliament binding the colonies would preclude rules for the reduction of refractory colonial assemblies." In the same year opinions of the Law Officers of the Crown, George Grenville was emboldened to venture on the perilous experiment of the Stamp Act.†

At the controversy advanced, the "series of blunders," as Earl Russell severely characterized the measures that immediately preceded and accompanied the outbreak of the American Revolution, and of which the stamp-act was the type, is considered in the declaration of independence, and unanimously recommended by the Law Officers of the Crown. One of them, Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough and upon Franklin before the Privy Council in 1774, in connection with the opinion of the late Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Camden, declared to the civil war which soon followed, and to the final dismemberment of the Empire, "was all that time Solicitor-General.

The Law Officers of the Revolutionary war, and the recognition of our independence, England has reason to offer tears to send a tribute to this country, although the United States had no connection with the Crown for more than a year after the return of peace. During the whole period, and for four years longer, nineteen posts were detained by Great Britain. This detention was a violation of the treaty of peace, and their detention involved the United States in two Indian wars. The detention was justified on the ground that the treaty had been not yet, on the part of America, the fourth article of the treaty, which provided that Creditors on either side should meet with no lawful impediment in the recovery of their debts, in connection with the Loyalists, was the correspondence between the two governments, that the Commissioners of the United States, exhausted by the war, and deprived by the treaty of peace of the ordinary resources of the country, were unable to pay off the sickening horrors of the Revolutionary war. A colonel was tortured and burned at the stake; by the Indians in Ohio, as late as 1782. Whatever may be the merits of the question as one of public obligation, it must be evident to all, that the non-fulfilment of a treaty on one does not pay his private debt in Boston or New York, or in any other country, to the widow and sculping knife on the wife and children of the American citizen on the frontier.

In 1795 the Law Officers of the Crown advised that the detention of the posts should cease by April in that year was in conformity with the treaty of peace. This order authorized the citizens of Great Britain to receive payment of debts bound to say port of France, taken in whole or in part with corn, flour, meal, and other articles of provision, and send them into the British dominions, without being liable to the purchase of their cargoes by the British government. This liberated corn vessels from the country while the question on the confirmation of the treaty was under discussion, and occasioned its rejection. The influence of Washington was exerted in the ratification of the treaty, and indemnification for captures and losses in the West Indies, and the seizure of American merchants under its seventh article.

The treaty of peace caused the tremendous struggle between France and England, in which, in the Napoleonic violation of the Law of Nations, the governments of the two countries endeavored, by their decrees and orders in council, to make the neutral power, (that is, the United States,) subservient to their own purposes of any account,) parties to the intercourse in which they were waging against each other. The most important orders were those by the two powers respectively, on the ground of retaliation, which declared the coast of the enemy in a state of blockade, although not in fact maintained by a force sufficient to render the entrance of such ports dangerous. As for impressment of our seamen, it is of course entirely unauthorized by the Law of Nations, and the orders in council are now universally, nearly all the British text writers to be in contravention of that law. Lord Stowell, late Lord Chancellor and Lord *Chief Justice* Ellenborough, who advised the orders in council were grievously unjust to neutrals, and *it is generally allowed that they were contrary to the law of nations and our own municipal law.*§

The Law Officers of the Crown have in the important controversy between the two governments on the North Eastern boundary, which had been more or less agitated since 1783, reached a crisis. It turned mainly on the question whether the river St. John is one of the rivers falling into the bay of Fundy or into the mouth of the St. Lawrence or one of those flowing into the Atlantic coast. The Law Officers of the Crown advised their government that, according to the true construction of the treaty of 1783, the river St. John flowed into the Bay of Fundy. It did not flow into the St. Lawrence, as if the Bay of Fundy were not part of the Atlantic Ocean. This pretension, which involved the additional absurdity that, a treaty which undertook to define the boundary in general terms, to the headwaters of the rivers which water the territory, should have used terms which would have excluded the principal river of the region, the river of the St. John did not flow into the Atlantic, it certainly did not flow into the St. Lawrence, was pronounced by the "Times," after the negociation of the Webster-Ashburton treaty, a "mere quibble." It was a quibble, however, which lay at the foundation of the whole English argument, which is still insisted on by uninformed or unprejudiced British writers, and had very nearly involved the two countries in war.

But a still more remarkable opinion was given by the Law Officers of the Crown in 1841, on another question, which had nearly led to a collision between the two governments in 1839. By the convention with Great Britain of the 20th of October, 1818, the United States renounced "forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof, to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic majesty's dominions, not included within the above-mentioned limits." For many years after the date of the treaty, it was considered that the bays, that is to say, the bay of any considerable magnitude, was not one of the bays from which the fishermen were bounded to be excluded, and they were accordingly engaged in the mackerel fishery. At length the provincial authorities began to capture our fishermen in the Bay of Fundy. This, of course, became a subject of remonstrance on the part of the government, as the capture of our fishermen on other portions of the provincial coast had been long before. It devolved then on me to correspond on this subject with the late Earl of Aberdeen, a man whose sterling purity of character and fidelity to his own government were accompanied by the most conciliatory dispositions toward the United States. The correspondence resulted in the concession on the part of the British government of a right to fish in the Bay of Fundy. Lord Aberdeen, however, in a letter to me of the 10th of March, 1842, announcing the decision, thus expresses himself: *Her Majesty's government must still maintain, and do this clear that they are deprived by this relinquishment of any right which they formerly claimed to exclude British*, as a "right in the meaning of the treaty of 1818. And they have since maintained that right, as laid down in the note of the undersigned (Lord Aberdeen) dated 15th April last, that, with regard to the other bays on the British American coast, the United States fishermen has, under that convention, the right to fish within three marine miles of the entrance of such bays, *unless by a line drawn from headland to headland* of that entrance.

The "high legal authority" referred to by Lord Aberdeen was an opinion given by Sir John Dodson and Sir Thomas Wilde, (afterwards Lord Chancellor Truro,) the Law Officers of the Crown, to whom they were by the Lords of the Admiralty. The opinion was, by language of writing, "that the bays in question are within the sovereignty of Great Britain, which they were called upon to exercise, and did give those similar orders as were accurate a person as Lord Aberdeen. It was given on the 14th of December, 1839, and on the 1st of 6th December, 1839, which I had occasion to address to the Department of State, Mr. Ingersoll, then our minister in London, to be communicated to Mr. Palmerston, at that time minister of Foreign Affairs. Lord Aberdeen, I have since retired from that office before my letter had reached the British government, transmitting that this discreditable error on the part of the Law Officers of the Crown, I had occasion to rectify some very important mistakes of an historical character.

A very important question under the law of nations, which could be called a question of the reasons and authorities are all on one side, and unanimous. Such is the opinion of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on their way to Europe, in the steamer from Cuba to Boston. Law Officers of the Crown, however they may differ from the law officers of the United States, will differ from Lord Lyons as to the right of a belligerent to seize the despatches and to stop the ambassadors of neutrals. Lord Lyons on both these points, and, if, however, such differences should unfortunately arise between the United States, is view of the facts above sketched, and of which the last subject he has, I believe, no claim to be blamed if they should not, in the end, prove to be an opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown.

* Bancroft, Vol. V., p. 150.
† Bancroft, Vol. V., p. 150.
‡ Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, Vol. VII., p. 326.
§ Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, Vol. VII., p. 326.

WHO ARE THE PROUD PEOPLE?

There is scarcely any word in the English language which is more misused than the word meaning than the word "proud." Those who are proud of their own belief in the merit of their neighbors, or acquaintances, are they who are most conspicuously lacking in this virtue. Such self-poise and self-possession of a refined and intelligent nature, are not to be easily acted accordingly. He is "better off" than his fellowmen have been almost overlooked, while the brain of the young has been unduly stimulated. It is a subject to new regard to the present; and as that progresses we shall hear of fewer and fewer cases of insanity. Let the Faculty of exercise, earlier hours for retiring, and a more sensible diet, with a diminution of excitement, will soon tell, we hope and believe, on the option of our young people. Meantime, we suppose the hale grandfathers must do the family reading, and the hale grandmothers, the family sewing.

FANNY FERN.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

It is quite humorous to see many young people of the present day should be afflicted with poor eyesight. How is this? Some say it is our gas-lights. Some say it is our furnaces. Some complain that it is the reading-by-the-biting cold air of our northern winters. Some say it is because we smoke. Others, we imagine to be this: that the eyes sympathize with the general nervousness. If that be proper, the eyesight is so, and the contrary. Now every body knows that, until very lately, physical education has been almost overlooked, while the brain of the young has been unduly stimulated. It is a subject to new regard to the present; and as that progresses we shall hear of fewer and fewer cases of insanity. Let the Faculty of exercise, earlier hours for retiring, and a more sensible diet, with a diminution of excitement, will soon tell, we hope and believe, on the option of our young people. Meantime, we suppose the hale grandfathers must do the family reading, and the hale grandmothers, the family sewing.

FANNY FERN.

THE great struggles in life are limited to moments: in the drooping of the head upon the bosom, in the pressure of the hand upon the lips,

SONG OF A SAILOR'S WIFE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The wind is blowing this way—
The wind is blowing this way!
And I don't know one meadow path as he
Knoweth his way on the broad blue sea,
And his boat will be home with the day,
Ay, how with the break of the day!

His clothes—I mean, to say best:
Haste, darling—I mean, to your best!
For well I know on the morning dawn,
Whose mouth will be kissing you out of your dreams,
Whose hand like a shell will be spread
Over each dear little shining head.

I will watch by your bed and pray,
For the wind is blowing this way!
And my sight, like bubbles of any light,
Run in the wake of a boat to-night,
That will land at the break of the day—
At the silvery break of the day!

In your pillows white as the foam—
As soft and white as the foam,
Blue, my darlings, your cheeks to red—
The eyes of a sailor might be misled,
And his boat might steer some home.
Ah, never and never some home!

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"How dares it with our common rescuer, fair lady; for I know you are also indebted to him!" asked Don Joâo, saluting Elvira in the gallant fashion of that chivalrous age, while the lady on her side hastened to make her obedience to her sovereign.

"As well, even better than was expected, sire; frei Rogerio, who is well skilled in bestowing aid in many ways even if his prescriptions are strictly adhered to," replied Elvira.

"Right glad are we to hear such good tidings. Nay, sir nuit, Vasco; 'tis our command that you lie still and obey in all that this noble lady and this pretty maiden may enjoin; methinks it will be no hardship to comply with any injunction delivered by lips so fair, however irksome otherwise; as the King spoke he approached the bedside, in order to prevent Vasco from sitting up, which the latter had made an effort to do, the conceiving his illustrious visitor; and as the young surgeon stretched forth his hand, Vasco raised it to his lips.

"This is indeed an honor which I little expected from your highness, and which pleads in defence of my confidence," said Vasco, in faltering voice, allowing himself to sink back on his pillow; "or, rather, I must look upon it as meant as intended for this noble lady, who has deigned to tend a poor stranger."

"Who," said the King with a smile, as he interrupted Vasco, "could withstand your eloquent entreaties in his old trade; for it would not be meet to——"

"Frei Lopo in this guise!" exclaimed Elvira, cutting the king short in his speech.

While Don Joâo was conversing with Vasco Peres, Elvira had turned her eyes toward the person who had entered with the king, and who remained standing in the middle of the chamber. At first she could not believe her eyes nor ears; she looked again and again, till at last there was no doubting. Those were verily the features of the respected frei Lopo, but the monk's gown was wanting, being now replaced by the apparel in which the nobility usually attired themselves when not clad in armor.

"Nay," said the King, with a barren smile, as he turned to Elvira and pointed towards the transformed monk, "there is no such person as frei Lopo that I wot of; that functionary is the lord of Runa."

"The lord of Runa!" echoed Elvira, startled, while a frown gathered upon her brow; and had any one watched Vasco, he would have been seized with a sudden fear, and appearing to relish the news he informed; for the quarrelsome monk was no less affected than the others, giving signs of extreme agitation and emotion; "ay, the lord of *Runa*; to his arms, Dona Elvira's to his arms!"

"Let me fold thee to my bosom, my child!" cried the other, rushing up to the damsel with outstretched arms.

"In the name of Heaven! who, in this? stretched Elvira, as if bewildered, but shrinking from the stranger.

"Thy father, Elvira," cried the lord of Runa, holding her fast.

"Take my royal word for it, lady," said the King, in an altered tone, seeing that the damsel turned deadly pale; "that is your father, and we all thought long ago the prey of death, but he has found his way back to Portugal, to his daughter, his king, and his country from many evils."

These words, spoken in an earnest voice, put an end to all doubt.

"Father!" murmured Elvira, as she allowed herself to be pressed to the bosom of her long-lost parent, while throwing her arms around his neck.

The father and daughter remained locked in silence—the sensation in both was too deep-felt to admit of words for some minutes. The young Queen—to whom Portugal was indebted among the best of her sovereigns, and whom memory lives in the hearts of the people in a manner second to that of Affonso Henriques, the founder of the monarchy—turned aside in order to leave them unprovoked, the tear which in his despite bedewed his cheek. Vasco had risen from his bed and from excess of joy wept upon his bosom, while Vasco Peres, who for a moment had rested on his elbow, fell back and closed his eyelids.

"Brother, brother, what is this?" The scene was too thrilling for one in his weak state," cried Violante.

"It was thoughtless—this should have been spared him; but I was so impatient to have him in my embrace, Elvira," said the lord of Runa, as they all approached the sick man, to whom Elvira and Violante hastened to administer some restorative.

"Methinks the news I had for him had better be reserved till his nerves be stronger," suggested Don Joâo.

"It were no doubt as well, sire," replied Don Rodrigo Freire, lord of Runa.

"Nay, I crave your pardon, sire; this is of no account" said Vasco, as he revived; "if I was moved beyond what my present strength can bear, it was only because I saw the dark clouds dispersing and unlocked for happiness opening to view—and his eyes instinctively glanced at the fair Elvira—" who so well deserves every felicity that it is given man to enjoy in this world. But if that which your Highness has to say concerns me alone, my nerves are sufficiently braced to bear with it, whether of good or bad import."

"Yet I think it would not be amiss to hold back the news a few days; I doubt me you could make good your words, nor will I test your capabilities on this point," persisted the king.

"Sire," said Elvira, "if, with your good leave, I may presume to opine in this matter, I should say that exposure might work injuriously in his present condition; and since the subject has been broached, it were better, perhaps, to speak out at once, especially if the intelligence, as I suspect, tends to his weal."

"Ay, by our right, fair lady," rejoined Don Joâo, after a moment's reflection, as he produced some documents—written on parchment, each with a heavy waxen seal hanging from it; then, addressing Vasco, he continued: "Here are four *alcaria* drawn up during our stay on the field, but bearing the date of the battle, as a memorial for your posterity. By your will see that we have been pleased to reserve the attainder unjustly issued against you, and to annul the grant made of your property. By another you and your sister are ennobled, and you and your posterity forever are to bear the title of *Joss*, which, as you must know, some of the best blood and most ancient families of the realm have not the privilege of using. By a third you have confirmed all the powers belonging to Dom Garcia de Cabreira, which are of great extent and very valuable, and made them over to you and your heirs without reserve; but, as they are all burthened with heavy mortgages, we have thought fit to direct that an exact estimate be made out of the debts for which these estates are liable, and, as soon as they are ascertained, they shall all be paid off from our royal treasury, so that you may come into the property unencumbered. Furthermore, as the title of lord of Valverde has now become infamous, we were loath that it should be coupled with the name of one so worthy as yourself; know, therefore, that as an especial mark of our favor and as acknowledgment of the service we received from you, when on the point of being struck down, we have made you a great

MARRIAGE OF VASCO AND ELVIRA.

lie perpetuity of the estate and lordship of Montsim, heretofore belonging to the crown; and in the above you will find every necessary mentioned the reason wherefore this grant is made. We grieve, Dona Vasco Peres, lord of Montsim, that your state was a bar to our dubbing you a knight on the field of battle, as it should have been. Three days hence—after St. Bernard's festival—we proceed on the journey for our good city of Lisbon, and it is our behest that you follow us thither as soon as you are sufficiently healed. There shall you receive the honor of knighthood from our hand," so saying the king gave the hand to Vasco, who kissed it.

We may easily imagine the astonishment of Vasco and his sister, and the inward joy of Elvira, on these learning the sudden rise to such high station and wealth of one who, just one week before, was in his workshop plying his trade, little dreaming of the blight to which he would soon be driven.

"Oh, most noble and puissant prince," cried Vasco, "the contents of your munificent bounty I cannot realise so great a change, nor conceive wherein I have merited——"

"Brother sir, Dom Vasco, but that is a poor compliment you are paying His Highness," said Don Rodrigo Freire, with a smile; "you are incapable of one king of us bestow."

"Nay, Rhuna's help me, I never meant that," rejoined Vasco; "but I only did that which any other man had done in my place."

"Peres, Dom Vasco; say no more touching that which it has been our own pleasure to confirm; you will grace your new position better than many who have inherited it," said the King to Elvira, the king said, waggishly: "In words, he has a noble tongue; but I suspect using his present mask than his past; what say you, Dona Elvira?"

With the blood mantling in her cheeks, Elvira replied:

"Not assuredly, it is even as you say, my gracious lord. Dom Vasco has proved what he is worth; he has won within him the will to make a brave and gallant knight, and will, I dare swear, continue to prove Your Highness's favor not unworthy against your enemies."

"Well said, lady; quicken as befits the daughter of a Forjoz," rejoined the king; "and another time remember, sweet maiden, that you will remain here; for he has much to tell, that will be novel and interesting to you. But as for me, we would fain know from your own lips whether you still think it hard for us, that we restore you not what we most wrongfully took from you—for which we crave forgiveness—our trusty friend Dom Rodrigo informed us that you were wroth touching this," and the king's look and tone had a spice of mischief in them.

"Ah, sire; it was wrong in me; my mind was wrought up by overstrained words."

"Then, you think it is well as it is? You see there is an insurmountable obstacle to our restoring your property, since we have already returned them to their rightful owner, your father."

"Had he but discovered himself sooner, Your Highness would have spared me the pang of learning it."

"Nay, fair lady, no blame was meant; but I leave Dom Rodrigo to explain wherefore he kept the secret from you for a time."

The next moment, the king had left the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"All ye that pass by, stand and stare."

"Father," said Elvira, immediately after the king's departure, "I long to hear by what miracle of Divine Mercy you have been restored to me. Had I never seen you till now, it may well be I had felt estranged towards you; for you are very unlike that fair young manly form of strength enough to retain your image, or my affection was sufficiently developed by reason to acquire a lasting hold. Now, you are in full acquaintance with you—for I may call it thus, the past being so much blotted out—and in a few days back, this short lapse of time has been so eventful that it is quite a life in the past, that has produced in my heart. How much do I not owe to that good man, that worthy monk! how much have you not done for me? how kind have you not shown yourself? Believe me, you find a daughter who was already willing to venerate you, ere knowing of the ties that bind her to you; whose affection is now entirely roused, and who is resolved to do all in her power to make your existence one of happiness," so saying Elvira raised her father's hand to her lips.

"Glad am I, sweet child," replied the lord of Runa, embracing his daughter, "that the events which have so happily ended for all, except for the wicked, have also contributed to dispel the mists which around and could not be seen through, and which, even now, are not entirely gone; though, in looking to see if any one were near, I thought I saw one, fortunately the place where I was concealed escaped his notice. In the course of their conversation, I perceived that the one who arrived first was João Gonçalves de Azulde, a renegade who had served from the Castilian camp. They had not spoken long, ere Castilian camp. They had not spoken long, ere I became so intensely interested in what was being said, that I held my breath, for fear of being a single syllable."

The lord of Runa proceeded to give a detailed account of the interview between Gonçalves and Vasco, as reported in chapter IV., and thus continued:

"As soon as those two designing men had separated, I fell on my knees and thanked God for having led me to the spot in order that I might be the means of preserving my country and my child from the satanic schemes of a fiend in human shape. I determined to act promptly, in order to arrive at my end with greater certainty. Leaving the mill I immediately took my way to Dom Vasco's home; for a happy chance had that day made me acquainted with the entire world that lived in him. I thought it more prudent to withhold from his knowledge for the present the discovery I had made, as I had discovered a plot for thy abduction. Both of you know the result, and how opportunely my manner came in aid of our purpose, by the rubbing one of the subterranean passage, which led to the discovery of two-thirds of the conspirators, which, perhaps, had never been found out, were more momentous occasion.—for honor is more than life in the eyes of the virtuous."

"But, father, how came you to know by which you caused such terror in Dom Garcia?"

"I knew even such as to let him know that I was acquainted with his treacherous intentions against the king; and, consequently, that the man's villainy, I concealed my features for fear of his recognising me, and my assumed character had been able to identify me. But in order to prevent his suspecting that I had overheard his conversation with João Gonçalves, I told him that I had been sent by Gonçalves, from the Castilian camp, whereby I might infer that I had obtained my information at Leiria. My object in thus misleading Carbeira, was to give him a chance of returning to sentiments of loyalty; for, being aware of the serious consequences that would fall on his head were night cutoff, I thought this was the best course to pursue. Yet, knowing his secret, and aware that he would only pass over during the night, I had recourse to another stratagem. Then, when the envoy moved, to seek the king and put him on his guard, as there was no telling how Carbeira might act. This induced me to defer discovery of my disguise however much I longed to embrace thee, I conceived that my country's safety demanded the sacrifice. Next morning I ascertained that Dom Garcia was absent, but could not find out whether he had gone, which made me very anxious. A little later, I found out what was occurring at Dom Vasco's, and saw that he was in danger; my anxiety on thy score increased, for I was now aware that thy persecutor had come to see the king. When I saw a troop of soldiers on their march towards the Castle, I hastened thither, trembling for thy safety. The rest is known to you. On leaving the Castle I went to the monastery, acquainted the abbot with what had occurred, and begged for a letter for the king, changed my gown for a suit of armor, and, mounting a steed, set out for Porto-de-Mos. His Highness was soon convinced of my identity, and, after the letter had passed between Gonçalves and Carbeira, and he had repeated all that Vasco had represented to him, after we had conquered notes and sifted the facts, the king, considering that the services which I had rendered him, and meditated treachery of the most dangerous kind, his first thought was to dispatch some troops to Carbeira to seize Carbeira; but fearing, upon reflection, that this would demonstrate his army and throw a damp upon their spirits, which might be fatal at such a juncture, he adopted another plan. He ordered the liberation of both of you; but, that Carbeira might not suspect that his criminal projects had been discovered, His Highness allowed him to suppose, nay, even told him by letter, that the grants he had made him would continue valid. I was directed to lead a small detachment to the field, and watch the villain's movements, in order that he might be seized at the least sign of foul play on his part. Dom Vasco knows the rest; he and the coopers accompanied me to Alpedriz; we all kept our faces concealed, that Carbeira might have no misgivings, which probably would have arisen in his mind had he recognised our friend and his companions. I, for reasons which require no explanation, assumed the spirit of *estalhada*."

"I no longer wonder at your absence on the day of the battle, dearest father, remarked Elvira, with a fond smile."

"But pray tell me, senhor," said Vasco, "how came it that you came that way, and the king at our head, when he commanded Dom Garcia to be seized? This has always puzzled me; though you declined satisfying my curiosity the other night, or we came from Alpaburra, I presume all may now be made clear."

"If I remained silent on this point, Senhor Dom Vasco," replied the lord of Runa, "it was because the time had not yet come for me to appear in my true character. I was then but a monk of Alcobaça, who, like other ecclesiastics, had cased his limbs in steel for the sake of a good cause. But now the mystery shall be revealed. It was simply part of the plan concerted betwixt the king and myself. His Highness alone had sufficient authority to cause Carbeira to be arrested at such a moment, in the very midst of the knights and soldiers bound to obey their leader's voice; but I even been furnished with a royal warrant, no order of mine would have been heeded by Dom Garcia's followers. I had, therefore, been provided, whilst at Porto-de-Mos, with a suit of armor very similar to that worn by His Highness, and a little before the enemy had completed their arrangements, I slipped away."

"Ay, I observed you were absent for a few minutes," said Vasco.

"He who returned was the king; I remained in his place by the royal standard," continued Runa.

"I see, I see—a very good idea it was, too, Dom Garcia was thus put out of the way of doing harm, and yet none of the troops knew of his absence. But what happened to be sure?"

"But you little suspect the danger you two have escaped; nought, at God's will could have averted it."

"You mean the attempt made by Lourenço Matante?"

"Nay, worse than that; you ate not of the food set before you whilst confined in the castle?"

"True, I remember, I touched it not; no appetite was left me," replied Elvira, recalling her thoughts.

"Nor did I; my heart was too full," said Vasco, as he glanced at his sister.

"Lift up your prayers and thank Heaven, my children, that you escaped from a fearful poison!" said Dom Rodrigo Forjaz in a solemn voice, as he pointed above.

"Poison!" echoed Elvira and Vasco, with a shudder.

"Even so; your common enemy and persecutor was in hopes of getting rid of you both by that means, were orders were revived by him on the night of——"

"It must have been he, likewise, who sent the wine to Dona Mafalda," said Vasco.

"Ay, our suspicions have been confirmed," rejoined Elvira's father.

"But, dear father," cried Elvira, in a tone of astonishment, "I marvel how it comes you are aware of matters others be not aware, nor could you get at all this?"

"I should have thee no wonder, my child," answered Dom Rodrigo, with a smile; "after the chief end, will first know the means of it be attended to. Among them was a man whose fidelity I had ensured a speedy death, his almost karma was pictured on his face, which must have been terrible indeed to affright him at such moments, and he eagerly begged for the succor of the priest. The latter heard his confession, but refused absolution. The wretch had accused himself of some enormous crimes, and the priest could not break the secrecy of the confessional. Under conscience of the sin, that night fellow, inasmuch as one of the criminals, my

were acknowledged on all sides, which led to his being called to a seat in the king's council, where his voice was always listened to with deference. Nor was he ever ashamed of his beginnings—he was allowed, at his own request, to add a quartering to the coat-of-arms which had been granted him, in which was represented a cask with a hoop leaning on each side of it, and the crest he adopted for his helmet were two small hoops one in the other crescent-like, and when his posterity forever be reminded of the origin of the founder of their family. But as a sad and another quartering represented the accident which had occurred during the battle, when Vasco saved the king's life—this had been suggested by the king himself.

It only remains to inform the reader of the fate that overtook the other personage who had a share in the events recorded.

The gently, graceful Violante, now called Dona Violante Perez, was in no want of suitors; among these she selected a young hidalgo of considerable rank and property, whom she married some six months after her brother's wedding. Fortunately Violante continued inseparable friends.

Dona Garcia de Cabrera was tried and convicted on the charge of treason and attempt at murder. He was first publicly stript of the insignia of knighthood, then degraded from nobility, and condemned for life to a galley ship. Various fates earnestly sued in his behalf, because that his punishment might be less harsh; but albeit the king was by nature of a merciful and liberal mind, nothing could induce him to relent in the present case. Cabrera expiated his crimes by being chained to one of the benches in the galley and compelled to row with the galleyslaves of the vilest sort, and when this service was not required of him, he was kept in close confinement. But he did not long survive his change of fortune; on two years had expired before death, united to the grave those whom hatred, agony than by mere bodily hardship.

Lorenzo Mejiano was the only one who fled. Though last not least, the honest Brae Martino received from his former employer, Don Perez, a donation of the whole of the property possessed by the latter, and about Alcobaca, and he opened the workshop under his own name. After the elevation of his old master to the nobility, he became more moderate in his views; at any rate, he was ever ready to meet with pride and joy, that there was at least one family who had a right to claim respect—the Lord of Mendim was, as he asserted, the *ne plus ultra* of such a nobleman's possessions.

The remainder of the coopers, besides receiving suitable rewards from the king for their services at Alhuretta, were the frequent recipients of Vasco's generosity. These old sailors never forgot them; and whenever he and Elvira resided at the quinta de Alcoa—which was their favorite abode, when not at court—it was an invariable rule for the coopers to assemble there every Sunday afternoon to dine.

THE END.

WHY SHE RAN AWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Three or four ladies were conversing on a recent event in social life.

"Another runaway match," said one, introducing the subject.

"You refer to Laura Wilton?"

"Yes; is not it pretty case! What is society? Nay; what is society! Ideas almost broken her mother's heart. And to throw herself away upon a man, wholly unworthy, in every way inferior, and altogether unfit for the relation of husband to any woman! Out line of ordinary feelings. Now, aint these things unaccountable?"

"I am told, that Mr. Wilton is furious," remarked another. "Mr Linsdale was talking with him yesterday, and he says the way he went on was perfectly awful. He'll never own her child if dying in the gutter, he will not pick her out. As for the young man Bush, he threatens him with every form of infamy."

"I certainly should not like him for my son-in-law."

"Nor I."

"Nor I," ran round the circle.

"She was her father's idol."

"And her mother's."

"What could she have seen in him?" asked one. "To me, he was always most repulsive."

"There is no accounting for tastes."

"Well, well, well! We live in a strange world. Love's an enigma.

"Love! You don't imagine there was any love in the case?"

"Love or money in his case, maybay," was answered.

No doubt of that. But, I was thinking of Laura."

"No external advantages were offered; so, there must have been love."

"It is no mystery to me," said one of the ladies, who had not before spoken. "The cause of this unhappy event is to be found in the now angry and afflicted parents. They alone, as I read the matter, are to blame."

"How?"

"In not making home the pleasantest place on earth for their child."

"I am surprised at your remark," was rejoined. "I thought their's a model home."

"It is perfect as to the material form; but, I have been there often enough to know that the soul is wanting. Mr. Wilton is a hard man, and lives for himself. There is nothing genial and sympathetic about him. His life is the world absorbed. At home, he is simply a cold, capricious, fault-finding. Always standing on guard to resist some invasion, and suspicious of invasion where none is contemplated. His children are drawn by him to live in the world, the genuine love, but stand, for the most part, at a distance, who, near, are never sure of coldness, or forbearance. If they annoy him—and he is easily annoyed—they are repelled quickly from his tongue; and the mother is hurt by these annoyances as the children are.

"If Mrs. Wilton were a large-hearted woman, self-sacrificing, and clear-seeing, the inequality of her husband's rule in the household might have received hopeful counterbalance. But she is not. Wields there is much to admire in her many qualities, she lacks many things. Gentle, mind wisely instructed; and, as I have already intimated, clearly seeing. Thoughts, with her, seem to a narrow circle, and her self-compassions deeper and deeper, giving an almost unchangeable deposit of blues, which, more or less any one else, no matter how erroneous they may be, can set aside. She regards her children with more pride than love; and thence has striven to protect them by the rules of the world. She knows how to adorn their persons with an almost faultless grace; but, in a great many human natures, and the fundamental things on which a truly harmonious character is based, that she has failed in these mental and moral adornments out of which alone the most beautiful and lovable external things can be wrought. The consciousness that they are not perfect; daily feeling the jar of inharmonious things; daily seeing deformity of character where she had looked for beauty, she is all the while checking, reproving, admonishing, hindering. And so, life never comes to fullness in the children, without hurting repressions. They are all the while in steps so tightly laced, that their hearts can never leap in natural pulsations. In such a home, Laura grew up to young womanhood; and what then? Were the trial days past? Alas, no! In comparison with what had preceded, the trial days were just beginning. Lacerbrickly visiting, felt the sphere of other homes, saw the loving confidences, so genuine that no mistake as to its quality was possible, which threw its fields around the mothers and daughters, and laid fathers' hands, with a tenderness that drew tears to the eyes of observers.

Without love at home, our daughters, who are taking on the years of womanhood, long for it abroad. It is a necessity of their lives. They crave it, and will not be denied its delights. Alas! How often do they mistake the signs, and accept stimulating silkiness for love."

"What Laura has done I greatly fear," said one of the company.

"Time will prove," answered the lady who had spoken. "If so, the responsibility lies with her parents. I pity, but do not severely blame Laura."

"I blame my child who deceives and disobeys her parents at any time," was said with warmth by one of the ladies, who had a daughter just about Laura's age. "And I must confess to some surprise at your justification of an act which all condemn."

"Did I justify the act?" was mildly asked.

"That is the impression left on my mind."

"I said that I did not severely blame, one did. To judge rightly of any act, all the facts must be brought to bear upon the actor must be considered. All moving causes must be taken into account of perverse self will, low proclivities, or a blind waywardness. Where there is close or unreasonable sickliness of parents, we may find the true cause. If we explain away the child's wrong, we do not condemn for disobedience. Parents too often forget that their daughters have been born into the world more than years for love; and which cannot always be met with external attractions. Many a daughter of them, who, like Laura, have been starved on the nourishment of love at home, find in the world is almost mad with its gnawing hunger. Can we wonder, when, for the first time, we see a child, that they overstep all restraints in reaching it; or that, in their unsatisfied longings, they surpass among the viands, or a bitter juice in the sparkling beverage, in the confusion, they add eat?

"The case of Laura is peculiarly instructive. Let us look at it closer, and take the lesson to heart. She is a child of sensibility. As she grew to womanhood her parents saw that she was beautiful, and that she was gifted with more than ordinary sensibility. She was a child of society. And so with a jealous care, anguished by no pang of neglect, and unsatisfied by no even by common sense, they began the work of changing her back. They which looked for her clothing in which young girls of her age were indulged, tying to veil, under plain, almost homely attire, the loveliness of form and the upgrowing itself in life's advancing spring-time. They put restrictions in the way of her mingling with young friends of her own sex, because they feared she would meet some forbidden spirit, or other unworthy person at neighbors' houses. They kept her from parties, except in their own family circle, and from the theatre. On all sides she was hindered and trammelled. On all sides her heart was touched with the hard burdensome at home, not buoyant. A load lay upon her life, and she was not young that she escaped from home. And so she was ready to accept any gentleman that offered. Not a virtuous antidote to this was to make home more attractive, to make it more inviting, happier more intimate, and more sympathetic. Instead of this

not comprehend any member of the family not grieving for one to whom they had given a freeclass funeral, and who was followed to the grave by so many private carriages. He must have been a good man.

And so he was, in the City sense of the word. But it was a relief to all the mourners when they saw his body safely consigned to the grave. Sir Augustus, tired of seeing the part of a sorrowing son, thought only of the will. Our hero and Zac, felt as if they were sitting in their minds like theirs, almost as deep a humiliation as speaking one.

Instead of returning to the bank at the conclusion of the funeral, the members of the family—the Holmeses and the Bays—entered their carriages—were conveyed to the residence of the late bereaved in Portman square, to hear the will read. Neither Lady Mansell nor her daughters were present. But three lawyers—beside the lawyer who drew it up, were seated in the drawing-room—the General, Sir Augustus, Herald, and the drysalter—when the former broke the seal.

As it would tire our readers, in all probability, to give the entire contents, we shall merely refer the principal clauses.

To his widow the deceased banker bequeathed the sum of one thousand pounds, as a mark of his affection—she pleases me the lawyer!—notwithstanding her amply provided for already by her jointure. A suppressed cry of indignation was distinctly heard in the small drawing-room adjoining the one in which the will was being read —her daughter had been listening.

To his daughters, Sir Jasper left fifty thousand pounds each.

We should like to have seen a photograph of Georgiana, when she heard this amount of legacy. As a study to the physiognomist, it would have proved invaluable. Horror, misery, and disappointment quickly effaced the conventional signs of grief in her really handsome features. Knowing her father's wealth, she expected double the sum, at the very least. Anne, the meek and gentle Jane—on the contrary, felt unincreased at the sudden accession of fortune. She had never speculated on riches; the destitute bed of Sir Jasper had convinced her how powerless they were to insure real happiness.

"Handsome! very handsome, indeed!" ejaculated their brother, as the lawyer paused to recover breath, after reading those much of the will. In his selfishness, he fully anticipated that the rest of his personal property, consisting of the banking business, had been bequeathed to him; the landed estates, being entailed, he knew to be his already.

"Proceed, sir," said Mr. Insley to the non of law.

The gentleman read as follows:

"To my nephew, Herald Mansell, in token of my grateful sense of his high worth and integrity, as well as to express my disapprobation of the neglect shown to his father, I leave the sum of fifty-nine thousand pounds, consolidated annuities, and eight-pence."

This was the exact amount recovered from the rapacious clutches of Mr. Harpey.

"Impertinence!" exclaimed his cousin, starting from his chair, his countenance at the same time flushing deeply. "If either uncle or I had been mad when he diverted so large a sum from his natural heirs."

"Proceed, sir," repeated Mr. Insley, a second time.

"I shall dispute it," added the baronet, sullenly.

"There will be no need to do so, cousin," observed our hero, with singular dignity, "as I cannot be more surprised than I am at my late uncle's liberality. There has been nothing in my part to merit it. It is both unexpected and undeserved. I receive it—"

The lawyer nearly let fall the will in the excess of his astonishment. Renounce a legacy of fifty-nine thousand pounds!

"You will act both honorably and wisely," replied Sir Augustus, in a tone of mingled irony and spite.

"No doubt," said Uncle Zac, with a sarcastic smile. "What a pity that Harold cannot carry out his generous intention."

"I do not understand you, uncle."

"*He is under age*," added the latter, drily.

The baronet bit his lips, and resumed his seat in dignified silence.

If disappointed in what he had hitherto heard, the concluding portion of the document that he was destined to gull him yet more deeply. Sir Jasper elected the elders of the family to be waited up, and the proceeds added to his vast funded property; the same to be held in trust, and applied to the improvement of the estates.

The trust to cease on the death of the present possessor of the title.

"Infamous and unnatural!" exclaimed the infuriated heir. "I can guess where influence dictated that arrangement."

"Whose?" demanded Mr. Insley.

"My cousin's."

"Ridiculous!" replied his relative; "how can Herald profit by it? You are young, just married, and, in all probability, will have children. He has no prospect of succeeding to the title."

At this observation our hero could not conceal his astonishment; it had never struck him before that he was next in the line of succession.

"I have debts—my father well knew I had need—"

"If Sir Augustus will only have a little patience," interrupted the lawyer, respectfully, "there is a clause respecting them."

"A clause!"

"Giving a discretionary power to the executor and trustee to discharge them out of the personal property, provided no attempt is made to dispute the will by any interested party."

"I shall dispute it," exclaimed the baronet, haughtily.

"In that case," observed the man of law, "the power of executor and trustee is revoked, and he is absolutely conditional."

"And this gave, jewels, pictures ?" muttered Sir Augustus Mansell.

"Heirlooms!" repeated the lawyer. "Mr. Insley is sole executor and trustee."

"Mr. Insley!" replied the latter, his aged relative, as if mentally calculating his span of life.

"With power," added the speaker, who appeared to read his thoughts, "to appoint his successor in both capacities."

This was the storm-in-the cup of wrath was full; and, to prevent its overflowing, which something in the calm, stern air of Uncle Zac warned him might prove dangerous, the baronet rushed from the room, to vent his impotent fury in the presence of his mother and Georgiana.

They, he knew, would sympathize with him.

"Harold," said the lawyer, as the two were about to quit the house together, "we have just witnessed a painful scene. Such is the result of grasping too greedily after riches. Bad as he was in other respects, Sir Jasper proved himself an indulgent father to his children, and yet not a tear! scarcely an affectation of regret."

"Falling into the old ogsle again, sir," interrupted our hero, with a faint smile; "I thought you had abandoned it forever."

"And so I have," replied Mr. Insley. "The reflection was made without bitterness; and after all, what else could be expected? The school in which he trained them was a bad one.

"*Ah ee ave ee shall ee reap*," he added. "There is a terrible truth in the warning. If it fails to reach us in our lives, it writes its judgment upon our graves, that posterity may read it. You intend, I suppose, to go into Parliament, do you?" he pause, "by your quixotic offer."

"I cannot regret having made it, whatever the young man, seriously. "I have no desire for wealth acquired by dishonesty."

"Dishonesty!" repeated his companion. "You are in error; Jasper gained his fortune honestly enough. It was the same he *lost* that had him into crime. The money he plundered the bank of would have been his by inheritance, had not the devil, speculation, tempted him."

Before Herald could reply, Lady Mansell's own footman came with a message from his mistress, begging that Mr. Insley would do her account quit the house without seeing her.

"Mr. Insley must excuse me, my loquacity to listen to," thought the old man, as he reluctantly assented.

"You had better not confess to Signor Benetto what a foolish fellow you were about to make of yourself," he whispered to our hero, as he shook hands with him at parting, for he guessed whence he was going. "It will not give him a very exalted idea of your worldly wisdom. Good-bye the lead," he added, "and lest few the boat."

With his natural frankness, Herald Mansell at once acknowledged that he viewed the legacy his uncle had left him in a different light since he had heard the speaker's opinion on the subject, and with his usual impulsive warmth he thoughts hastened to pay a visit to Bianca, who had removed, together with her father, to a handsome house in one of the squares, adjoining Regent Street, which was then in course of erection. This arrangement enabled her to pass a comfortable portion of the day with Jane, who had remained inconsolable for the loss of her brother Tellin, to discover whom every effort had already been set on foot both by the Colonel and his agents.

When Mr. Insley entered the drawing-room, he found his young friend seated beside Bianca, in the conventional garb of woe, seated on the sofa with her head resting on his arm, and her golden wealth at the unexpected dispositions of Sir Jasper's will and conduct of his relatives, having informed them of the disposition of the property and the bequest to Herald, which excited the strongest indignation and surprise in the whole own personal disappointment.

"Under sure!" exclaimed her ladyship, throwing her arms around the neck of the relation, and kissing him with the warmth of a sincere of her intention, "this is dreadful! awful!"

"A violent and sudden death is always so," observed the old gentleman, sagely.

"Yes, certainly; very shocking!" replied the widow; "but I am not referring to that alone. The disposition of Jasper's property."

"Which is very unjust."

"Complain! I have only three thousand a year, and still my rank to support."

"Fiddlestick to support!" interrupted her relative. "Do anyone know of your circumstances? What could you do with more—*your time of life, ma'am*?"

Considering the lady was certainly not more than fifty, she might appear a little unreasonable in this Georgiana," urged her mother.

"Poor child! what a disappointment!"

At the mention of her own name, the young lady burst into a violent flood of tears. Struggling to say, Uncle Zac witnessed her mother's feigning indifference.

"Don't apply to finding a husband for her with fifty thousand pounds."

"*Finding a husband!*" repeated the horrified girl, with distinctly subduing her temper. "I expected to have married someone worthy of me."

"Choose one, then, if you like the word better."

"Uncle," said Lady Mansell, drying her tears, "this is all very well to appear a little superior to fence to wealth; it suits your humor, and yet I know no man who is more careful of his own daughter—the nearest, and ought to be the dearest relative—than Mr. Insley in the world."

"Ought you?" exclaimed her uncle, with one of his old, cynical smiles.

"Of course, uncle," continued her ladyship "and was till that Herald came to breed dissension in the family. Miss and my daughter's interests cannot be separated."

"Neither are they, niece."

"You will assist us, then, to set aside this preposterous will?"

The latter made no reply.

"I ought to have had the family jewels for life, at the very least."

"Sixty thousand pounds to that upstart, Harold!" added Georgiana, bitterly.

"He deserved it," replied Mr. Insley, emphatically.

"You are infatuated with him, Uncle Zac."

"I hope you are prejudiced against him," retorted the drysalter, drily.

"Augustus got his debts paid," said his sister.

"And the estates."

"Fops could not prevent that."

"Twelve thousand a year added her ladyship.

"And I only a paltry fifty thousand!" observed the young lady. "Quite enough for Jane, with her simple tastes and odd notions; but I, an the eldest daughter, have to keep up with very different expectations, and had a right to expect more."

"And does Jane join in the request that I should assist in your new prejudices against him?" will it?" demanded Mr. Insley.

His kinsfolk looked at him in the simplicity of the speaker in asking such a question.

"Jane, my child," said Lady Mansell, "Jane never troubles her head about money matters—considers them as low. I am sure you have been content with anything. Singular girl! at times I cannot believe what to make of her; she has shut herself up in her own room—died—not a creature has seen her. She does not take after my side of the family."

"Evidently not," observed her relative.

He rose from his seat and rang the bell.

"Inform Sir Augustus Mansell that I wish to see him," he said to the footman who answered it.

The baronet very soon made his appearance. He had been waiting in the upstairs room to learn the result of his mother's and sister's interference with his uncle.

"Niece," said Mr. Insley, "there is one circumstance in the life of your late husband with most probably you are ignorant of. His son, Herald, has forgiven you what he has not expressed to his discretion. There are others connected with my late friend's family which you undoubtless well acquainted with. I allude to the question of age as a disqualifying condition of signing of my brother."

"I thought—" faltered her ladyship.

"Hear me out," interrupted the old man, without the slightest sign of anger; "I shall not detain you long. Herald has proved to me how cruelly my jealous credulity was abused—my domestic happiness destroyed. In restoring to me my grandson—"

"Why, the boy was drowned—lost at sea!" exclaimed Lady Mansell, thrown completely off her guard by the unexpected allusion to Harry.

"You know it, then," said her pitiless, mortifying; "but I might have guessed as much. You are your father's child. In exercising my natural best—for his cousin saved him from the sea—I was unable to conceal, and, in addition, a tone of the deepest remorse, "would have consigned him—my hopes you or your children might have entertained respecting my fortune were forever destroyed."

A dead silence followed this announcement. It was more than the prostrate sumptuated.

"You ask me to assist you in breaking your husband's will. I have no interest in it either one way or the other. To me it is not of the slightest consequence how his wealth has been acquired; but whatever may be the disposition of it to have been dictated by a late sense of justice, and the desire of making some amends, I will uphold it to the last. If Sir Augustus thinks proper to make the attempt, I have him to the mercy of his creditors; if you and your daughter try it, you shall find me prepared to meet you. Jane, I am sure, will be no party to it."

"Uncle, dear uncle!" sobbed her ladyship, starting a second time from the sofa with the intention of throwing her arms around his neck. The fussy generosity of her nature, coupled with her meanness and hypocrisy, turned his back upon her, and walked away.

"The brute !" she ejaculated, as he disappeared. "Augustus, you will never stand tamely by and see you insulted in your own house! this shamefully?"

"My hands are tied !" muttered the baronet, gloomily.

"Tied!" repeated Georgiana, angrily. "Yes —tied by your debts!"

"Mother, will you have goo to complain of?" demanded her brother. "You are well provided for—more than you have any right to."

This observation aroused the anger of both mother and daughter. The former accused her footman she had brought her husband, the latter of having made a fool of her brother.

He would have continued, but Lady Mansell had fainted.

The next day a consultation, at which several eminent solicitors were present, took place, to ascertain whether or not it would be advisable to attack the will, as also several members of the family have been done without making Sir Augustus a party to the suit.

With every disposition to find a flaw in it, for the entire weight of the property was involved, the lawyers for once gave an honest opinion, and declared it to be valid, and the executorship of Lady Mansell and her eldest daughter.

The gold mine had failed them.

Of failure, the costly must have fallen upon them, the son and second daughter declining to have expended on their behalf.

For once the serpent and the dove were at accord.

Uncle Zac, heard the result without expressing either satisfaction or disgust. To his energetic temperament he experienced at having recovered his grandson, Harry, who had been snatched from around his heart, the old man forgot almost his resentment, and, with a sincere desire to atonement with one of the great banking-houses in the City, established the firm of "Insley, Bay, and Co." in Lombard street, and looked forward to retiring to his native residence in Bungton Park, where he was first he wished to render it suitable for the reception of the "Prodigal Son" and his wife.

Wealth, it is well known, will work miracles, and this it did with Bungton Park, in the course of a single month. It can raise up almost as quickly, and as quickly destroy. A small army of men were employed down, and in a few weeks everything was pronounced ready.

Although Bianca had so fled discreetly attached to his grandchildren, he was not altogether blind. The change had been made by orders; the old house in Cannon-street opposed duller than ever, and Uncle Zac's heart, which had also its dip, and, above all, the kind, familiar faces of Jane and Bianca.

"You appear sad," observed Mr. Insley to him one morning, as he seated a breakfast-table.

"I feel so, sir," was the truthful, honest answer.

His relative smiled; he loved him the better, perhaps, for his candor.

"This solitary existence will soon end; in two days more we return to Bungton Park."

An involuntary sigh accompanied this announcement. Herald recollected that during the hours he had passed there with his wife and sons he had never once given a thought to the parents of the thoughts that prompted it.

"Not if it will give you pain, sir," he replied. "I will go alone, and bring Mrs. Insley."

"Then we will not go."

"Sir!" exclaimed our hero, alarmed; and, after a pause, observed that it was "one of the finest seats in England."

"I care but little for splendor!" exclaimed the speaker; "it is the domestic love the meaning of the word. Why should we not remain here? We are accustomed to this house—feel at home in it?"

"And your?"

"Shall doubtless do so in time, if——"

Harry hesitated.

"If what?" demanded the old man, kindly. He has been in the habit of using this expression—Herald, whom I love as a brother, for he proved me to you; Tom Mayfield, Clara, Bianca, and poor Tellin. I fear you will think me ungrateful, sir," he added; "but I would rather that you left me here with Bianca and Jane."

"For neither," said Mr. Insley. "I have business in the City, and you, Herald, will be gaining a place in your heart, I forgot how little I had to offer him—his affections, without wealth?"

"That kindness count for nothing, sir?" exclaimed his grandson. "So more just to yourself than to me. Let me hear no more of such ungrateful, sir; but I will storm for it, by. In ten days I go to Bungton Park."

"Since you wish it."

"I do. I love you shall find on your arrival that I have not forgotten your wish. Trust to my affection, it will never deceive you."

Mr. Insley kept his word.

CHAPTER LIV.

Where through life unbiassed we rove,
Where friendship and virtue are found,
Beneath the same canopy we love
In days of childhood more and more.
Where the sorrows of one are the sorrows of all,
Watching faithful that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
Added eyes that long have wept. MOORE.

On the arrival of Colonel Mordaunt and his daughter in England, the first care of the former had been to visit his agent; from whom he learnt the gratifying fact that the old nurse, Ann Betts, had been discovered, with the certificate of his marriage still in her possession.

"Everything will be easy then," exclaimed the soldier, with an expression of contentment. The legitimacy of my children will be established, and their fortune wrenched from the rapacious grasp of their unnatural uncle."

Mr. —— made no reply.

"You cannot doubt it," added his client.

"In law, my dear Colonel, there is but little room for conjecture. The certificate, no doubt, is a step in the right direction; unfortunately, it is only a step. Two things more are wanting."

"And they?" said his visitor.

"The discovery of your son, and the evidence of the clergyman who performed the ceremony."

"I believe that he is dead," replied the colonel, gloomily.

"Are there no other witnesses?"

"But one—the servant. You will find the name attached to the certificate."

With disconcerted spirits the father returned to his home, where he found Clara and her lover, who, with the consent of Colonel, would for the loss of her brother. The affectionate girl would not hear of marrying till he was restored to her.

"Not for us! I would not trifle with your feelings," she replied to his solicitations: "but happiness would be a reproach to me whilst his fate remained unknown. Judging from the past, Mr. Furbi appears capable of any atrocity."

The colonel looked terribly disappointed, and yet he secretly approved her resolution.

On Clara's return to Paris, not one proof more of my devotion—a painful one, because it entails separation from you. I am no longer the simple, innocent youth you first knew, but surrounded by the snares of the world. The last few months have taught me more of its deceitfulness than I should have suspected in a century passed in the country. I will devote myself, with my whole heart, to the search, success and your smiles shall prove my reward.

Clara threw herself into his arms, and thanked him for his love.

"Should I fail?" he added, mournfully.

"You will not be the less dear to me," replied the faithful girl. "I feel that I am destined in my sorrow. You have other claims—parents, to live but in their love."

"They are aware of my intention," replied the young man; "Clara," he added, "I wish to tell you that they have disposed of the dairy, and have resolved to return to their native village at Lowelstree. They have found out—what, but for their love for me, they had long since discrepated—that London is no place for them."

The change in her position from poverty to affluence, had produced no other feeling than gratitude in the heart of the humble girl. Her Pride had no place in it; and the fact of the Lowelstree cottage becoming her own, excited no other sensation.

"I am not to be Colonel Mordaunt; he heard it with satisfaction.

The rest of the day was occupied by the lovers paying a visit to Mrs. Page, to whose house the old nurse had removed, and which the former landlady received them with a glad smile. It was like a unbosom entering her new solitary home. Poor Ann Betts, she declared most emphatically, that "Princes street wasn't Princes street when Miss Clara was away."

The last evening Harry was to pass in London before his departure for Paris, with the gentle father, was spent at the residence of Signor Benetti, in company with Herald and Bianca, Tom and Clara, as a matter of course, were present. The latter, though apparently perfectly cheerful; a close had been obtained to the scene of the man to whom the remainder had contributed the charge of his nephew.

The conduct of the "Prodigal Son" in the Mint, supplied it sad ease, being too much in love of Mr. Furbi to do so openly.

"I must congratulate you," exclaimed his friend, in the same words by him to Clara, "to morrow you take possession of your new home."

"My home, Herald, is where you are," replied the grateful boy.

Bianca and her lover exchanged glances.

"Bungton, they tell me, is a magnificent place," observed the fair Italian; "and Mr. Insley so all accounts, is very rich. Ah! there is much regale. Recent speaks of miracles accomplished by wealth. Incredibly short span of time much is the power of wealth."

"Is not wealth?" exclaimed Harry, petulantly.

"I should have been happier far as an artist, painting my own bread, than at Bungton Park."

"Wait till you have seen it," said our hero, laughing at his friend's folly, "without a will you will not have been more than an hour beneath its roof before you confess yourself the happiest fellow upon earth."

"Absurd! Herald."

"I prophesy so too," added Tom Mayfield, a knowing smile playing round the corners of his mouth, which he vainly attempted to suppress.

"Then we not do me such injustice," replied Harry.

"If it is an injustice," observed the sister of Tellin, "I fear you will be the cause."

"You, too?"

"I am convinced," added the fair girl, "that before you have been an hour at Bungton you will appreciate its splendor without a wish to be ungrateful; unless," she added, with a sigh, "the recollection of my poor lost brother."

But for the tears that half choked her utterance, Harry would have replied to the charge of injustice, as he considered it, of her speech.

"Dear girl, you read my heart," he thought to himself, as he returned to the solitary room in which he passed the remainder of the night, recollections are not written in sand. Neither time nor distance effaces them; perhaps our own deeds, humanity's great mystery. That Harold could see anything but a happy home in what he ought to have known no better" he added. "Could it have been that I—No, no, no! I was a mere noble nature!—he loves me too well either to doubt or to trifle with me."

On the following morning a plain but elegant travelling-carriage with servants in the Bungton livories, and four horses—drove up to the door of Mr. Insley. The street was quite in a ferment at the unusual sight. Some said the drysalter was going to retire from business; others that he was about to be elected a member of Parliament. The footman, Gerrix, appeared in a perfect ecstasy of delight!

"I am to drive, sir, sir!" he said, as his young master descended the stairs after his grandfather. "I am to follow in a few days. The boxes is looking up. We shall live as we ought to live again—keep up our position in the country."

Although Harry was in anything but a joyous humor, he could not refrain from smiling at the loquacity of the speaker.

"Do try and make him happy," added the old domestic, lowering his voice to a whisper: "You have only to look bright and cheerful. You don't know, sir, how much he loves you. I have seen him quit his room night after night since you have been here, listen at your chamber door, and kneel and pray there. He was a different man once."

"I will do my best," replied the youth, greatly surprised.

By this time his grandfather was seated, and he hastened to take his place by his side.

"Our journey will not be very long," observed Mr. Insley, mournfully, as the carriage drove off. "A very few hours will bring us to Bungton."

"You must endeavor to forget the past," replied his grandson, cheerfully. "If the morning of your existence has proved clouded, there is no reason why the sunshine of contrast, if not of happiness, should not gild it at its close."

During their journey, Harry, moved by what Gerrix had told him, respecting his grandfather's nightly watchings, exerted himself so successfully to appear cheerful and happy, that he almost persuaded himself that the feeling was real, and the hours passed pleasantly enough.

About a mile from the village, a troop of tenants, mounted on horseback, met the carriage, with the intention of escorting it to the hall. The former who headed it bore a silken banner, on which was inscribed, "Welcome to the hair of Bungton!"

A similar inscription graced the arch of evergreens erected at the entrance of the park.

"Not for us! not for me, such honors!" exclaimed Harry, grasping the old man's hand. "They are intended for you, who alone can receive them."

"Not so," replied his grandfather, pleased by his grateful emotion. "I am but your steward—your trustee. You are owner here."

Before the astonished youth could reply, the carriage passed under the arch. Once in the park, a most animated scene presented itself. The inhabitants of the village, the families of the tenants, the former with the children of the schools—for, although an absentee, Mr. Insley had not been unmindful of the poor—all assembled on the lawn, engaged in a variety of rustic sports. The scene had a truly old English appearance, and gratified the artistic fancy of him whom it was intended to honor.

With a joyous shout, the villagers surrounded the carriage. The horses were detached, and a hundred stalwart arms drew it towards the hall, where, with his lovely daughter, assembled the enormous letters, formed of flowers and evergreens.

Harry felt bewildered, entranced—he could no longer disbelieve that he was dreaming, or he be slighted from the carriage, the hands of Herald, Tom, Bianca, and Clara were extended to greet him.

His surprise had been arranged by his grandfather, and never did one prove more successful, or was more gratefully received.

Under the leadership of Herald, the happy youth threw himself into the arms of Mr. Insley, and thanked him in terms that spoke deep emotion.

The old man felt that the object of his love and care was happy; and a dark cloud passed from his heart forever.

"Welcome your cousin and your friends," he whispered.

"It is for you to do so, sir—you, who have created me all that I am—to whom we owe so much. Herald, Tom, Clara. Yes! yes, you must welcome them, for they are my own," he added, in an under tone, "are here."

He could not say more, but exulting he completed the circle of his affections was the poor dwarf Tellin.

The day passed cheerfully, if not happily. Harry felt that the present owner of Bungton Park forgot, in the excitement of the festivities, some portion of the sorrow he evinced for the events of his past happiness had awakened.

As he nestly nestled beneath the festivities terminated, and the inmates of the hall retired to rest.

Immediately the following morning, a visit was paid to the cottage of Mrs. Insley, Bianca, Clara, and Jane, the latter of whom, to the surprise of his grandfather, declined to join.

"But why not?"

"Because I am going with you," he replied. "I heard you arrange last night, with the greatest delight, to spend a week in existence on the estate. Besides, it is my duty."

"Duty! to whom with that?"

"My pleasure then, sir," added the youth, "for I have not seen the cottage for this time to doubt the truth of the assertion."

The countenance of the accompaniment of the lovers —that is to say, Harold, Tom, Bianca, and Clara, brightened as the carriage rolled on, and threw off the gloom which had hung over him.

Jane, then, when we least expect it, does Providence crown with success the desire and hopes of those who, in disinterestedness, have lost dead to our supplications, at the very moment, perhaps, she has inclined her ear to listen to them.

The four friends were discussing the events of the morning, and congratulating themselves upon the brilliant change in the prospects of their companion, when Tom suddenly became deeply agitated.

"Are you ill?" asked Bianca.

"Listen !" said the trembling girl.

They did so, and caught sight of a flute was heard, playing in air her brother used to practise in Italy. It was accompanied by a female voice—young, fresh, and delicate.

"It is—it must be—my sweetest Tom; " when we were so happy, too. Had we not better go?"

This was addressed to our hero, who looked to Bianca for advice.

Again the flute was heard accompanying the voice of the singer, who executed with considerable taste the following song—

I take on the shores my native bank need,
Or saddle the lightning's flash for my steed;
The lightly I pass o'er the wonderful's bow
I leave not a print on the delicate snow;
I dive in the ocean, and rise from its foam afar,
Take the flash of my wings for the fall of a star.
Then, the words are Harold's—continued Tom. "And the music mine," added Bianca.

All in word's sweet voice, and the music
The sea-boy to sunk from an early grave;
Then to the eyelid never of the wave
To ride the pearl, while the sea-nymphs sleep—
And the coral never, with its fairy fingers,
That he moaned his beloved his bark on its way.
Then, sir, or here, would be the untrain
his impatience.

But they did not, for the song reached the village. In the center of the street stood the Rector, Parson Tellin, who had just removed the flute from his lips. A group of children surrounded him. At first Clara thought the recognized her brother, he had grown so considerably; but, on second she did, the hurried girl seated up in the equipage and pronounced his name.

The rector looked attentively he was in her arms, mingling his tears with hers.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

USING THE HEART IN EVERY THING.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose speciality is contemplation of a work in the Chinese language, by the Rev. Samuel Wells Williams, a missionary who died at Shanghai, in April, 1880, said, "Mr. Lowrie in all things used his heart." That is the literal rendering of the Chinese sentence, by which the lexicographer has expressed the fact that Mr. Lowrie respect his mind with great diligence to every subject which claimed his attention.

Some men use only their hands, or, at most, only their hands and their heads. They do not labor with deep heart-felt interest to attain their object. Those who succeed are those who use their hearts in all things.

THE EXPECTED SHIP.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Thus I board a post say,
As he sung in merry glee,
"Ah! 'twill be a golden day,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!

"I do know a cottage fine,
As a poet's house should be,
And the cottage shall be mine,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!

"If I know a maiden fair,
Fair, and fond, and dear to me,
And we'll be a wedded pair,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!"

"And within that cottage dear,
Blest as any king may be,
Every pleasure shall be mine,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!

"To be rich is to be great;
Love is only for the free;
Great am I, for I can wait
Till my ship comes o'er the sea!"

Months and years have come and gone
Since the poet sang to me,
Yet he still keeps hoping on
For the ship from o'er the sea!

Thus the spirit voice of Hope
Whispers still to every ear,
Of something in the future's scope,
Some golden ship from o'er the sea!

Never sailor yet hath found,
Looking windward or to lee,
Any vessel homeward bound
Like that ship from o'er the sea!

Never comes the shining deck;
But that tiny cloud may be,
Though it seems the merest speck,
The promised ship from o'er the sea!

Never looms the swelling sail,
But the wind is blowing free,
And that may be the precious gale
That brings the ship from o'er the sea!

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

A BAVARIAN LEGEND.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

At the foot of the Alpine Mountains of Bavaria, in a pleasant valley, is the quiet little village of Baierbach Zell, and here, a great many years ago, lived a forester by the name of Rowenden. He had a daughter, an only child, who was the belle of the country round. She was seventeen, pretty, witty and coquettish, and the young girls of a lively, sanguine temperament, who possess the powers of fascination in an eminent degree, she was inclined to be coquettish. Not that we mean to say she was heartless, selfish, or inordinately vain—on the contrary, she had a sweet disposition and a generous, affable nature—but she was young, slender, graceful and accomplished—had fine golden-brown hair, big and good expressive eyes, and looked like a fairy, sing like a nightingale, and play the zithern with the best, and dance gracefully and interesting and charming the opposite sex drew around her so many admirers and admirers played sad havoc with so many hearts, that she would have been accounted more than wicked if she had not used the capacity power thus bestowed upon her by nature and art, and held her court with something of regal sway. Whenever there was a Fasid gathering, or the singers and mountaineers for miles around, the presence of Marie Rowenden was generally noticed, and her acceptance of the invitation was sufficient to insure the attendance of a goodly number of both sexes, and the merry *schnadahupfls** were certain to be a success.

Now among the many suitors of Marie Rowenden was a manly, handsome, hardy, handsome young mountaineer, by the name of Franz Sonnenfluss—honest, earnest youth, well calculated to captivate a maiden's heart. Though scarcely twenty, he had already won distinction as a hunter of the chamois, and that requires daring, courage and skill. A chamois eye, a rosier bloom, a slender limb and a surer foot went not among the awful solitudes of the rocky mountains, and as a consequence, he was universally carried off the second prize from the annual shooting-match at Munich. With all the ardor of a passionate nature, he loved Marie Rowenden, but in what degree his passion was returned he was yet uncertain. Rumor said that he was the favored one among his rivals, and sometimes he was fain to think so himself; but he still waited further evidence than any he had yet obtained, for the coquettish young maid still had a fascinating glance for all who paid her homage.

"I will know!" muttered Franz, as he one evening took his way to the village inn, where there was to be a merry gathering of the young and taking off his pointed green hat, ornamented with the feathers of the black-cock, a trait from the back of a chamois, a silver medallion and a golden tassel, he ran his fingers vigorously through his nut-brown hair, and replaced it with an air of pride. "I must be all or nothing!" he added, throwing his manly chest and planting his foot more firmly on the earth.

But when he reached the inn, and looked among the gay throng the queen of his heart, looking as lovely in her peasant costume as adorned with silver and gold, and smiling so sweetly as she extended her hand to welcome him with the customary "God greet you," he felt that there was no one on earth he could be ever venture to say the final farewell.

Yet as if Marie were conscious of one of the words Franz had uttered on his way thither, and were determined to punish him for his rebellious intent, she danced more with his rivals than with him, and had a smile, a jest, and a song for any one rather than himself. This tried poor Franz sorely, for in the midst of many of the inconsistent mystery of a woman's nature to find in this an evidence of his being first in her regard.

As a consequence for her neglect of him through the evening, however, she refused to see her home—not by a bold asking, but by a certain manner that she knew well how to use and on their way to her father's cottage, he was in a long, final silence and repeated they found the courage to say:

"Marie, do you know you are breaking my heart?"

"It must be a very brittle one if it breaks so easily!" returned the maiden, with a low, unusual laugh.

"Can you guess what I resolved upon to-night before I saw you?" continued, in a serious tone.

"How should I?—probably hanging, drowning, or leaping down some precipice."

"Nay, Marie, do not jest!"

"On such a grave subject, especially!" laughed the merry girl.

"No, I resolved to ask you——"

"How many devoted lovers I have?" added Marie, at his voice faltered to a pause. "Well, I have been reckoning, and I think there are eleven sighing youths who would be willing to die for me, if they could be certain of success to life again an hour or two after."

"And how many would die for you in earnest, Marie?—lay down their lives to save yours?"

"Ah! now you are making a serious question. Probably none."

"Yes, I know of one."

"You do!—where is he?"

"Here!"

"You do not mean to say you would be that foolish?" said Marie, looking up into his eyes full upon him.

"I mean to say my love has that devotion, Marie!" he replied, in a tremulous voice.

"Oh!" he added, passionately, "will not such love suffice? is not one such devoted heart enough for even you? will you not accept it in place of all others, and make me being happy, who must otherwise be wretched?"

Really, the conversation seems to be getting serious!" said Marie, after a brief silence, and speaking in a tone that showed she was more affected than she would have cared to own.

"I am serious!" replied Franz, adding: "terribly in earnest; and your reply to-night will decide my fate. Marie—Marie—speak plainly, decidedly—you, and you alone; and your reply will be a reprieve or a pardon!"

"Franz, will I answer you," said Marie, as she gave her trembling hand to her lover as they paused before the door one week from to-night.

"I will be here," said Franz.

"Till then adieu!" and Marie lifted the latch of the cottage and disappeared.

One week from that night Franz passed the threshold of Sevathian's cottage. Marie was there, and her parents gave him welcome in a plain parlor, where he was surprised to find six of his friends. They, too, had a fair one each with and made sport of, he was angrily turning to Marie, when she laid her hand on his arm, and he obtained, for the moment, a quiet hearing.

"Stay, Franz Sonnenfluss, and judge when you have heard!"

Then she was jade and agitated, and felt he had done her injustice. He took his seat with the others, and Marie commenced in a prized and wondering.

"Franz, friends, and Marie, after some slight hesitation, "you are each of you here to-night by my request, and I have something to say to you all that any other was invited. I have a few words to say to Franz, first. You have asked me and I had your friendship—you your love—your life—your all—to be mine for life. In other words, that your love for me was so pure and deep that you would lay down your life for me. Such love I do not believe in, but I do require some proof that your words are true, and to-night I have decided on a resolve—that no man of you shall ever proffer his suit to me again till with his own hand he has plucked and brought to me an Edelweis from the Schreckhorn Rock, in the Alps."

"But if more than one succeeds?" inquired Franz, with a disheartening air.

"Only one will!" replied Marie, with a meaning glance.

"I thank you! Adieu, Marie! Good-night, all!" sounded.

In a moment he was gone; and Marie, with a strange expression of face, said that as for her it was too late, sunk almost fainting upon a seat. In a few moments, however, she and the young men took their leave with signs of displeasure, and Sevathian's hearty-faced wife was a heartless coquette, who only wanted them to perish, and even sacrifice their lives to gratify her vanity.

"Oh, God! protect him!" prayed Marie, sinking upon her knees, and clasping her hands to her eyes, as if to shut out some horrid scene.

On the second day after that night, a bold and gallant young hunter, with his rifle in one hand—pointed hat, grey jerkin, backskin breeches, green-and-black, heavy-ribbed stockings—with his short rifle slung over his shoulder, his green belt filled with balls, and his strong, iron-pointed staff firmly grasped in his hand, commenced the ascent of the wild, rugged, eagle glance, and diluted nostrils, was slowly and boldly over the rocky pathway that led to the heights of the snow-crowned Schreckenstor. Onward he went, climbing over projecting ledges, leaping over yawning chasms, sliding down steep declivities, creeping along narrow ridges, and all the time surrounded by perils that would have appalled and turned backward a less courageous than he.

At last, far upward toward the line of eternal snow, appeared a rock, the top of a huge mass that rose a thousand feet above its base, his ever-searching glance saw a flower of the purest snow in its solitude, where no foot of human ever had trod.

"Bright flower of Noble Purity, you shall be mine!" exclaimed the hunter, as he sprang on; "or you I will win a still fairer flower!"

Panting with his rifle and his staff, and discouraging himself of everything that might impede his steps, he began, with his strong arm and iron will, his toilsome and dangerous ascent of the rock. Sometimes he sprang his foot here, and catching with his hands there, he clambered upward, sometimes on his hands and feet—looking not behind him toward the viewless depths below, but upward—ever upward—to the rocks—but upward—still upward—evolve!

At last, panting and fatigued, he gained the verge, slowly lifted, and, with one foot planted upon a projection not larger than his hand, he reached forth and plucked the coveted flower.

"She is mine!" he cried; "she is mine!" and a fearful echo repeated the words, "She is mine!"

Ah! for hope! for ambition! for love! The stone beneath his feet at that moment crumbled and gave way, and the youth of promise went down—down—swiftly down—far down.

When days had passed, and Franz Sonnenfluss

* Schnada is a snow white flower, found only upon some of the highest mountains of Tyrol and Styria; "dreigar zuruck," says an English writer, "is always given as a sort of toast, and is equivalent to success. You will see a notice of the hazardous sport of chamois hunting, and the dress worn on it, a propos de rien' wall of rock, to be approached but by a ledge, where perhaps a chamois could scarcely stand."

† The Edelweiss or Leontopodium of the botanists becomes Tyrol and Salzburg, and is ever sought treasured both in height.

no more appeared among his comrades, one of his rivals said:

"Seek for him among the rocks of the Schreckenstor in the Hinter Rhin!"

They sought and found all the vultures had left of him, with the withered Edelweis clasped in his bony hand.

Marie Sevathian heard the awful story, and the sweet expression of her lovely features changed to one of perfect horror. From that moment no word of intelligence ever passed her lips, and her mind expressed no more than remained upon her countenance to the day of her death.

And in the language of the country, the simple-minded mountaineers named the fatal precipice, "THE LOVER'S ROCK."

RECIPES FOR CONTENTMENT—AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Some audacious individual actually has had the impudence to write a newspaper paragraph purporting to teach the world the art of real contentment! If he—the individual aforesaid—isn't the most discontented mortal within ten miles square, we are mistaken in our man, we guess. If he don't wish his striped trousers were plaid, and his checks were stripes, and he don't grumble because the north-east chimney of his house won't draw the fire in the south corner, and because his top-knot hen hadn't the sensibility to be hatched a Shanghae rooster—why, then, he is an exception to most rules. A paragraph on contentment, indeed! Contentment never could have been a candidate for membership with Solomon's three hundred wives. Frequently never was defeated by an aggregating majority only—but by a unanimous vote. Never could have bought western stocks and seen them go down, down, down, till the bottom dropped into solid ingots—he never married a woman with a fortune, and raged for one of his ill-to wondering why he couldn't have married somebody else. Contentment never could have endured long, and wrapt its mantle (inclusive of a thick hat, lined with green) around the head of a man who had to be fet